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A HONEYMOON CHRISTMAS

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CLARENCE BROLING, paying teller of the Midfield Bank, had a horror of but one thing in life: a mercenary woman.

A mercenary man is bad enough, but a mercenary woman is a species of the sex more frightful than the man-eating Kali Bhagawati of the Hindoos.

If it had not been for his fear that he might be married for the sake of the life provision his annual salary of two thousand five hundred seemed to promise, Clarence would have married long before he attained his present age of thirty-one years; for Clarence—though superlatively practical, foresighted and cautious—was subject to dreams of a home which would complete the serenity of his life, and to dreams of a dainty docile woman who would charm that home and add to his comforts and luxuries in life.

Clarence was justified in placing a high value upon the gift of his life and himself. The mirror testified to his good looks. The position in the bank held by him for ten years certified to his integrity of conduct and reliability of character. He did not revel in any of the perquisites of human existence: wine, women or the song of bachelordom. And he was indeed eminently fitted for that matrimonial state from which he was withheld only by the fear of being made some woman's domestic paying teller for life.

How often he had deplored the fact that the conditions of marriage in America are so arranged that they are a mercenary inducement to women. In its dowerless system, with life-long

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support as the bait, how could any man be certain that he was taken for himself alone? What means had he of knowing that he was valued solely for his person and not for his purse?

Clarence realized that any marriage in which this suspicion might figure, would be abhorrent to him.

Also he had learned from certain confidences or hints from his married friends, and from his trained perceptiveness pursued in their homes, that the money question in the household becomes the rock against which in the course of events the airy argosy of Romance splinters itself.

Financial relations in matrimony are something against the very nature of the romantic instinct which impels to the bond. A man is an extraordinary philanthropist, but a very bad debtor to woman. Marriage makes him a debtor. In love he is a voluntary philanthropist who delights in giving to the beloved—flowers, bon-bons, all the superfluous fantasies which by no possible chance she can be supposed to need, and when, as her husband, he is called upon to supply only her needs, the most sordid to the most inordinate needs, it produces a reversion in his mental functioning, a complete *volteface* in his spiritual altitude.

The instinct of enamored man is to feed the loved one with candied rose-leaves, and to be revolted when that mouth demands bread. And to women—what is marriage?— The first tenet for character-building is the sense of self-responsibility in the individual; and marriage as the bourn in which women can escape the responsibility of self-sustenance, takes away her true character and makes a mendicant of one whom love fills with the instinct of bounty, of all-giving. Marriage for women appears like a refuge, but in reality is a smeltery. Alas, what a source of misery and obliqued vision is this financing of matrimony!

Thus Clarence thought it out for himself, and concluded that marriage must remain tabooed for him until—through some unguessable way—fate would bring to him a mate removed, beyond every cavil of a doubt, from all possible imputation of the mercenary in her alliance with him.

In his sophistication and exceptional experience of women,

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Clarence might have lived to become the inveterate bachelor soured by his victory over himself and match-making humanity, if it had not been for a combination of circumstances at a particular epoch: the spring, his culminating discontent with the fashionable boarding-house where he lived, and his sudden discovery of a woman unlike any other he had ever known or studied through the small window in his paying teller's caged-off section of the bank.

Miss Bertha Meggs was not a discovery in the sense of being a stranger to him. Ever since her return, several years ago, from a foreign school, the young lady had been known to Clarence as one of the customers of the bank, for whom he cashed a regular check every month.

Miss Meggs was an orphan and had been left an inheritance of which the Midfield Bank officials were the trustees. She lived with her aunt in a commodious house on a hill overlooking the Hudson; and Clarence had noted her in his abstract study of women pursued through his window, as a rather pretty girl in the bright-eyed, wild-fruit-flavored way of youth; otherwise without any particular meaning or interest for him. She was too young to reveal upon her face the stamp of her thoughts, her nature or her pursuits, and Clarence could not foster any convictions or imaginings about one to whom the first flush of youth furnished its disguise.

Older women, he could be certain about. And as they appeared daily and hourly before him in every degree of age and every caste of femininity, and as he constantly and mechanically handed out to them the bills and coins their checks required, he grew convinced that women were a money-loving, mammon-poisoned lot; and resolved more and more that he would never risk his fate to one of that sex who desired in man only—a paying teller.

His position seemed particularly designed to reveal the true inwardness of women to him. He flattered himself that he had become an adept in reading the feminine countenance. And *what* did he see in them all?

The women who waited at his window for their money were invariably so beset by the desire for its possession that

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their social masks slipped off and he seemed to see their very souls at times: souls, raw, and slapping at every illusion.

How ugly, indescribably ugly and depressing was this mercenary spirit in women! He felt that if he had been an artist he could have closed his eyes, remembered all the women faces that had passed before him—looking at him without seeing him! —during the interval of a single day, and then could have painted a composite of them as a portrait of the Mercenary.

It would be a face with fixed eyes, dead to all but the craft of acquisition; it would have a nose with thin, cruel nostrils that dilated as they inhaled the mustiness of bills; it would have a terrible frown upon its forehead from the claws of money-anxiety; its eyebrows would be set low over the eyes, giving it that brooding lustiness one sees upon the brow of the bird of prey; there would be furrows running from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, furrows from the bitter sweat of money-strife, and the lips of that mouth would be thin and tight and hard as the edges of two coins pressed together. The face would be bloodless; but upon it would be reflected the colors of the things of its taloned gloat; the sickly green of bills, the brassy castes and steely grays, decay-blinks of Lucre. How often he had seen this face glimmer at him from beneath the masks of women!

And also the vantage of his position provided for him other revelations of feminine character which sustained him in his disillusionment about the sex. Some misogynist has called women the "unæsthetic sex"; and the evidence of its truth seemed daily afforded Clarence by the women passing before him, blind, as they appeared, to everything in their obsession: too fixed for any other attraction to give feathers to their inner weight of squalor.

Clarence decided that at least women should be called the unchivalrous sex, for in spite of his polite manner in discharging his irksome duties, it seldom, almost never elicited a perfunctory "thanks," and on exceptionally busy days when the women had to wait in a line to be served one by one—how often he had been struck by their rudeness to each other, their elbowing, their omission or ignorance of apology, their secret

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sex-hostility and their cheating about putting themselves in the right order in the waiting line. It was indeed strange how much hidden reality was revealed to Clarence from his little window whence he had such a detached though limited view of the world.

But Clarence Broling was no idealist. He had never asked for the impossible or the divine in human kind. In women, all that he desired to find was absence of the mercenary; and in marriage—if he found such a being for a mate—all he would ask was freedom from the exigencies of business in his home-life, freedom from being used by a woman as a paying teller, encaged for life, such as he had seen all the husbands of his acquaintance become.

Simple though his demands were, they seemed impossible of fulfilment until the day came of his discovery of Miss Bertha Meggs in a new illuminating guise.

Upon a certain day in early spring, Miss Meggs entered the Bank, as usual, with her regular check to be cashed. Her periodic visit upon the first day of each month was like a rule of the house—never deviated from. But it so happened that she had broken the habitual a few days previously by coming with a check signed by a strange name and drawn upon another bank in a distant city. Clarence had cashed the check for her; and on the morning of her second visit it had been returned to the Midfield Bank, unpaid, and marked "no account." So Clarence brought this forth when Miss Meggs entered the doorway and explained the matter to her. She listened with flaming cheeks and a droll expression upon her face.

"How outrageous!" she exclaimed. "Of course I will refund the money to you at once——"

"Was the party who gave you this check known to you?" asked Clarence.

"Yes—oh, yes." She became confused.

"Of course you know that this is an offence for which you can prosecute the party?"

"I suppose it is." She shrugged her shoulders, and suddenly changed from the momentarily confused to the smiling and girlishly garrulous.

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"I have been 'taken in,' as you men say, but the circumstances are rather peculiar; and I can't explain them to you. Besides I will refund the money to you and so—it makes no difference to anyone but myself. I am the only victim—and I don't mind. It is for such a small amount—a mere twenty-five dollars. I don't mind losing that much."

She recovered her aplomb as she laughingly dismissed the matter thus, and looked prettier to Clarence than he had ever seen her before. She had hair that seemed to cling to her warm-tinted temples before it *onduléd* out in its dark fulness; and she had teeth like a puppy's, ridiculously small and even and glistening white. Her skin looked fragrant from outdoor life, but she was dressed in the style of the girls who promenade on Fifth Avenue.

Clarence saw her as if for the first time—the smiling sun-kissed maiden!—and he began to feel some strange inner trepidation.

A moment more and she was gone. But something intangible like a perfume of spring was left in the busy bank building around the paying teller's window that day, where it conjured forth in Clarence a motley of disturbing, delicious musings.

How indifferent she had been to what was her money-loss and evidently a betrayal of her trust! What a magnanimous and non-mercenary nature she must possess!

Fate had placed in his hands a test of this one woman's character which revealed it as—not pure gold, for Clarence disliked the association of that metaphor; but as an unspoilt, pure woman-soul, such as is conceived of in man's highest dreams. Evidently she was an absolute exception to her sex as he knew it. It was conspicuous that she was the most innocent and least mundane of women.

With a sudden thrill, the realization came to him that she might be the eligible one for whom he was—without doubt—suffering in loneliness and waiting in the wary suspense of his long homelessness.

Immediately he brought to bear all his wisdom upon the idea. Was she really the one for him?

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The chief thing to consider was her independence. Only a woman of independent means could be the one for his trust. There must be no possible risk of his being married for a means of subsistence. No safe edifice of happiness for two could be built upon grounds where there was an inch left for distrust. And the supreme worth of Miss Bertha Meggs, in fact the prime essential to consider in her suitability as a wife, was the knowledge his position had vouchsafed him that she did possess a safely invested income of her own.

Then recollecting in general the amount of the checks he had cashed for her during the past few years, he computed them at two thousand yearly, and decided that her income must be about equal to his own salary. She would be able to contribute as much as he to the amenities and successful happiness of a union of two lives.

As he surmised and concluded thus, his heart began to beat tumultuously.

At last he had discovered the one!

It was Fate; it was supernatural; it was almost terrifying, with a bewitching terror, that he should find a woman so perfectly designed and matched by destiny to himself.

The next time Miss Meggs came to the Bank, her bright salutation of Clarence so irradiated his face that it touched and excited her vanity and made her think of him long after she left.

Finally the ingratiation and mutual interest were fully achieved and Clarence became a social friend and caller at her aunt's large house on the hill.

The summer sped by in the tentatives of his courtship; for Clarence was no ardent *veni, vidi, vici* suitor. Even yet he had moments of misgiving when he dreaded the possibility, always existent in human affairs, of making a mistake, and he believed he must give some time to proving the congeniality of their dispositions before uttering the irrevocable words. They spent many summer afternoons together, after the Bank's closing hours, playing croquet and tennis on her aunt's lawn, and they sat in the crimson-rambler covered pergola sometimes and talked, and often took long walks together on Sunday afternoons.

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Miss Meggs had been educated abroad, but she had remained thoroughly American in her ideas and character—so Clarence discovered. She was not in the least sentimental, and was full of wholesome incorrigible life and high-spirits, which made it exceedingly difficult for anyone to become sentimental with her or to offer lovers' platitudes and compliments. Her laughter was too ready; and she was as restless and alert as a bird at the migratory season. It was difficult even to be serious with her. She chatted all the time; and about such inconsequential, amusing things.

It was not until the end of August that Clarence managed to make his proposal.

One Sunday afternoon they were out walking along the country part of Broadway which extends its asphalt over the hills of the Hudson, between rows of pretty houses and areas of woodland. Vehicles and automobiles flashed by continually, full of tourists seeking the coolness of country air in speed. Policemen stood in the shade of the road beside their bicycles waiting for the chase after the luckless motorists that enriched the country's coffers. The sky poured down a dizzy light from its too vivid blue and gold and bloomy white. And the great river vibrated with its hot sparkling, but seemed currentless as if it were determined to remain just where it was—on its back playing with all the galloon of the skies. The hills on the opposite shore ran in deep-green, delicately shadowed undulations like the outlines of a recumbent woman.

"Some day I shall have one of those," said Clarence with a nod toward a passing automobile.

"Do you like motoring?"

"I love it. I go out with my friend, Derin, in his car sometimes, but what I should like is a car of my own that I could drive myself."

"Why don't you get one?"

The question embarrassed him. He could not speak to her of the handicap of insufficient funds for the gratification of his desire—deterred as he was by delicate and complex feelings regarding the subject of money with her. She seemed so ingenuously ignorant of all the material wherewithal of human ex-

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istence, that it constituted for him both her problem and her charm. He could never speak to her of the grim exigencies of money. In the security of her own self-support, she had become uncomprehensive, actually oblivious to all that underlies the lives of others, complicates their motives in every deed, almost unknown to themselves, and distorts their views and passions.

"Why don't you buy an automobile?" she repeated.

"I shall, some day," he equivocated, and then suddenly the impulse to dare all swelled in his breast and he added: "When I have a home and am married."

There was a lapse of silence before she asked playfully:

"Why—are you considering such a thing?"

"If also *you* are willing to consider it."

She gave him one of those side-long feminine glances, without coquetry, which seem to absorb everything in a little tongue-like dart.

"Miss Meggs—Bertha—are you willing—will you become my wife?"

Miss Bertha Meggs was twenty-two and had many secret desires and ideas of her own which she shared with no one. One was the desire to be free from the fault-finding and argus-surveillance of her aunt and several adolescent cousins; another was her desire to probe all the mysteries of life; but the chief one which prevailed upon her now was the desire to discover what novel emotions it might evoke to kiss the firm, well-cut mouth of this young man who attracted her so strongly because of the reservations and quiet strength of his nature.

There was a little wooing breeze upon their foreheads. The sun glowed upon their cheeks. When they returned from their walk Clarence and Bertha were engaged and the wedding day set for September.

They were married.

They installed themselves in a quaintly picturesque house in the style of the old Germantown Colonial, with a large garden and gravel walks. Clarence rented the place very cheaply because of its nearness to the railroad track that ran along at the back, but was shut off from view by a strip of shrubbery and trees.

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During the engagement, they had selected all the furnishings and fittings for their home. Together they went to the city on these shopping expeditions, and mightily enjoyed selecting the prettiest of the cottage type of furniture. They regarded everything from the artistic standpoint; the price of an article was never mentioned between them; and though Clarence paid the bills, he was prepared for this expenditure and considered it a goodly investment of his savings, of fifteen hundred dollars, which really must have been equalled by the expenditure Bertha made for her enchanting trousseau.

Its selection had been made by her alone or with her aunt on many mystery-laden pilgrimages to the city; and how much her lovely clothes did contribute to the charm of the honeymoon, it would be impossible to describe.

Every few days Bertha would come forth arrayed in something new which seemed to possess the art of renewing her in the freshness and novelty of her feminine presence in his rooms. She had the smartest little street gowns whose dark hues and simplicity made Clarence think of the contrast of the beribboned, frivolous lingerie they concealed, like dark leaves jealously hiding their flowers; she had trailing evening dresses whose ornate mystery made him glad that she possessed money of her own; and at breakfast she wore exquisite chiffony things which she called "matinées" and "peignoirs," whose fantasy made that prosaic workaday meal partake of some savor as exhilarating and artificial as champagne.

These early days were filled with a novel charm. Clarence was amply satisfied with his home as a substitute for the populous desert of the boarding-house; and he did not analyze his mental attitude toward Bertha further than the complacent contemplation of it as a real affection based on good sense, congeniality and the equality of attributes and means, which are of far more consequence in marriage than the hectic elements that solder together two beings into one the more quickly, only the sooner to make each struggle apart in order to become again the *one*. Ice was first made by the agency of heat.

At first Clarence congratulated himself that the perfect union of souls did not exist in his marriage. He and she still

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remained separate individualities. One was not merged in the other. Certain chasms of silence between them would never be bridged by either, therefore they would be continually stimulated to speech. Clarence remembered the remark of the French philosopher—that he never felt so much alone as when he had just confessed everything to a friend—and considered that too great intimacy of speech was indeed the cause of all the loneliness of soul in and out of marriage; to tell everything is to miss everything.

Nevertheless these genial halcyonian days soon passed away, even in the perfectly constructed marital conditions of Clarence and Bertha. The first month since their wedding had scarcely revolved into the moon of the next before an uncanny little speck appeared on the horizon which by no possible euphemism could be called even a figment of a moon or a honeymoon; and it gathered with the days, faster and faster, until it looked very much like a cloud-threat, omen of future harvestings of storm.

At the start Clarence and Bertha had established their ménage upon a high scale of living as if by a mutual understanding which needed no oral or written sign upon it to violate the good taste and sensitive faith of the contracting parties. They kept two maidservants and a man on part time for the heavy chores; and Bertha, being of an excessively sociable nature, was fond of giving dinner-parties which added greatly to the household budget.

On the first of October Clarence received these bills and paid them without a word of query or objection; in November he received them similarly and paid them, still unquestioningly and unprotestingly, although their sum this time exceeded the amount of his month's salary. As the first of December approached he began to give the matter serious thought and a qualm of anticipation. When the bills arrived and in fact did surpass those of the previous two months, he became thoroughly worried and upset; not over their amount—unaccustomed though he was to such amounts for mere nutrition, shelter and domestic service—but because of another realization which became more significantly trouble-brewing every day: Bertha had never mentioned her own money to him during the entire period

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of their marriage nor had she been to the Bank to cash her checks as of yore. No, not even one single check had she cashed since she had exchanged her name for his, and it was this which began to fill Clarence with discomfiture and worry.

What was she doing with her money?

The wonder and self-questioning about it tormented him more and more every day. But the longer he pondered over it and surveyed it in all its phases and significance, the more difficult it appeared to broach the matter to her. She seemed so unaware of all the human mechanism of life. She seemed to live in some rarefied atmosphere of her own, full of serenity and sunshine and the ritornelles of birds, which it was astonishing to find did not subsist altogether upon natural laws independent of man-made affairs. The very charter of their marriage and future happiness had been based upon the exorcism of money from its life; and yet this state of freedom from sordid thought and care could not be established until she too performed her duty as a Caryatid of the household of which he was being made the Atlas.

Naturally *he* was restrained by delicacy from broaching the theme of her money to her, but by what was she restrained?

Had she no feminine intuition? Could she not see and understand? Was she blind, blind as an eyeless fish in caverns of gold?

To realize her lack of perception and understanding began to harden his feelings toward her. As he waited day after day for her to take the initiative in discussing the obnoxious theme, he grew hard, austerely reticent and even sardonic at times toward her.

Why did she not offer to share part, if not half of the household expenses? Why did she not possess the acumen to see that this was necessary in their household—arranged upon a basis of costing at least four or more thousands per year, while his salary was limited to only the major portion of such a largesse? Why did she not have the delicacy to feel that the first word on the subject of *her* money must come from her? Why had she cashed no checks since their marriage three months ago? What was she doing with her money? Was she saving

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it? Was she then of a secretly mean and miserly nature? Had he—in spite of all his knowledge and suspicion of womankind—actually been deceived by one—captured by a mercenary after all?

All day long he was dogged by the tortuous questioning, and in the evenings, whether he and Bertha were alone or with the guests she delighted to entertain, he found himself watching her constantly, with the cold misery of doubt in his heart and a speculative worry in his eyes.

In a vague intermittent way, Bertha became aware of something worrying her husband and dividing them in an indefinable way. Always she had felt some constraint or reservation in his attitude to her. She had never had the sense of any complete candor or abandon even in his most real manifestations of love for her; but since this was undoubtedly part of his strong temperamental attraction for her, she had never felt it as an impediment in their union until now, when it became more evident to her every day and was like a trellis of shadows between them in all their balconies of love-making.

Bertha could be careless, irresponsible and buoyant as a little cork upon every tide of misfortune, but she was occasionally depressed when she read upon Clarence's face his fret of unknown trouble, and in her own mind she tried to solve it.

First it occurred to her that it might be business worries; she had often heard it said that all American husbands were crushed in spirit by business worries, and it was possible that Clarence was merely worried by schemes to make more money now that his expenditures were doubled and within the year would be trebled. She considered this as the possible solution until she remembered the inexhaustible stores of money which he handled all day; money, money, nothing but money in his hands every moment of the working day, and then she realized that it was preposterous for her to entertain the possibility of his needing or desiring a substance which she had seen him perpetually hold and give—as if he disdained it.

No. There must be some other explanation, and Bertha decided that it resided in something, the unknown, mysterious element, the soul's sex-difference, of the masculine nature; and

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she blamed herself for her ignorance of men as the reason of his strangeness and sequestration from her, and undertook to deal with it by going to the library and booksellers and getting all the books she could find on "Advice to a Young Wife."

The books reassured her that nothing was wrong with her conduct or her home. Was she not exactly as they said a wife must be—always smiling, affectionate, unexacting, unquestioning, entertaining and well-dressed for him? Did she not make her home charming—and his friends all welcome?

While Bertha thus alleviated her worry and grew less solicitous about him, Clarence became so monomaniacal in his fixed questionings and grim surmisings, that it became more than mortal could bear, and one night he undertook to broach the matter to her in the hope that a hint would be sufficient to precipitate the necessary understanding between them. They had just had dinner and were alone in their sitting-room, when he made the attempt to introduce the subject with subtlety and tact.

He began by talking about the necessity to-day for the economic independence of women. The times have changed, women's and men's natures have changed, and human conditions, laws and institutions must be readjusted to this new human nature whose chief need is for individual freedom and self-support in matrimony—so said Clarence; ending his exposition of abstract views with the personal: "Do you know, Bertha, I always believed you to be a woman of very independent views?"

"So I am!" she retorted.

"I mean of *advanced* views."

"What do you call advanced?"

"Well, to-day, to be advanced is to believe first of all in the emancipation of women."

"Oh, I do believe in that."

"And in the necessity—the *great* necessity—for the self-support of each woman."

"Of course—until she marries."

"Good Lord!—do you too then look upon marriage as a means of support?"

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Such a spasm of horror distorted the features of Clarence, that immediately it was enlightening to Bertha in her marital problem. She burst out laughing and cried:

"How awfully funny!—Oh, you need not be afraid of that, dear. I did not marry you for your money. You can rest assured of that; I married you only for——"

She ran over to him, sat on his knee, and throwing one arm around his neck, between kisses and soft laughter, she whispered:

"I married you for love—love—love!"

She loved him more than ever now that she understood him thoroughly—at last. The dear, dear fellow! All this while he had been moody because he had not felt secure and wholly convinced of her love. This dubiousness always wavered over the honeymoon like a tiny veil of mist which can become a cloud or a rainbow. She knew this; but she had never suspected that it was from this—this doubt of her love—that he was suffering. He would have to be convinced with kisses. She had not been demonstrative enough. He was the type of man who, undemonstrative himself, finds all his joy and confidence in the superior ardor, generosity and demonstrativeness of the woman. She felt like cooing with content, as now she made up her mind to keep him in peace and paradise by a more extreme display of her fondness and caresses.

Bertha was so imperiously enlivening and captivating upon this black-marked evening that Clarence could not persevere in the disagreeable channels he had undertaken to open. He put the black-mark on to-morrow or any other day of the calendar when it could no longer be postponed, but to-night he could only think of how much he *might* love her if only——. He made his mind a blank beneath her kisses.

The next day Clarence felt the tang of the Christmas holidays in the atmosphere everywhere; and he resolved that it was and would continue to be for several weeks a singularly inappropriate season for the introduction of the money question in the household.

The limitations and exigencies of money are never so disagreeable to contemplate as at Christmas time. There is an ex-

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citing tension in the very air of that period which distracts one from his everyday intentions and thoughts and makes him desire —red if his life is gray, tinsel if his life is frugal, the dishevelment of some deed or thought of revelry—just for one defiant moment to stop the gaunt march of the same and the sane, year in and year out, day clocking off twin-day.

No matter how giftless the hands on the appointed Day of Bounty, the heart must find some festive twig of fancy or sympathy to make the inner life feel its moment of evergreen—else it crumbles away in the sereness of Life's Unrequited.

Clarence had unusual but sensible ideas regarding the time-honored observances of Christmas day. He believed it should be made a merry time for children and underpaid servants, but for adults to observe it as they do is one of the minor martyrdoms and senseless complications of human existence. The compulsion to a perfunctory gift-making between adults, the nerve-fret over the choice of what is cheapest, showiest, and yet wanted by the future recipient, the gray-matter wear and tear in shopping for undesired gifts sought only as a match for other surely coming undesired gifts—to think that all the foolish troublesomeness of it is caused by the newspapers and merchants —solely responsible for keeping this Christmas maudlinism alive for commercial purposes—is enough to disgust one with human intelligence. In fact our exaggerated celebration of that day is merely significant of how humanity is victimized and manipulated like puppets by the mercenary spirit which hides its face from man in cloaks of sentiment.

As a bachelor, Clarence had learned fairly to anathematize the day because it filled him with pessimism to encounter familiar and strange menials with a " Merry Christmas " for him and a smile he never saw at any other time, to which he must respond with a coin; and now as a married man, so soon as he scented its approach he expressed his opinions and prejudices against its celebration to Bertha, and was annoyed to discover that she was going to give a Christmas party of some kind at their house on that day.

" You will have the jolliest Christmas you have *ever* had," she said.

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"Well, if it will give you such pleasure to have some people here in the afternoon—I won't mind. What I object to is the obligatory exchange of gifts. I do not want you to give me anything; and I tell you now that I am not going to give you anything, so you cannot feel obliged to make me some ridiculous gift."

"All right!" she agreed, but she seemed highly amused at his remarks and made a little *moue* at him and called him "a cranky old bachelor" who did not even know what he wanted or needed in life.

Thereafter the house became more festive in air and decoration every day. The table in the hallway was laden with little parcels of all sizes wrapt in tissue paper and holly figured ribbons: presents for her girl friends who "would expect them," Bertha said. The alcove in the dining room was filled with regal poinsettias; from every curtain on the ground floor was suspended a green wreath dappled with red; but there was nothing in all these preparations that prepared Clarence for the shock awaiting him on Christmas morning.

After breakfast together on the most sunlit and bell-noted of Christmas mornings, Bertha with some fictitious inducement and a mysterious air, led Clarence to accompany her out to the little unused stable in the rear of their garden, and there he found its interior all freshly cemented and converted into a garage within which reposed a brand new automobile.

"My Christmas present to you!" cried Bertha, squeezing his arm for sympathy with her excitement. "Don't you remember you told me you wanted one—on our engagement day?"

Through the bewilderment of his surprise, Clarence beheld the automobile as the embodiment of all his wife's money—given to him! For *this* she had been saving her income the past few months of their marriage. In this tactful, poetic way she conveyed to him the gift of all—her loving self and fortune.

The automobile dazzled his vision. His mind and heart, long chaotic, seemed trumpeted into some great light that overcame him.

And then suddenly, for the first and only time in his life,

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Clarence fell upon his knees before a woman and kissed her hands with some incoherent plea for "pardon" and senseless words of endearment.

Bertha was as astonished at the transformation and transport of Clarence as he had been at the vision of the automobile; she could not understand the meaning of his words nor his attitude, and began to laugh merrily, so that Clarence quickly arose from his undignified lover's position and became controlled again, and yet a changed being from the one he had been before this Christmas morning.

From that moment Clarence dated the beginning of his real honeymoon. Never until that moment had he really loved her. Never until then had he known his own capacity for a wholehearted passionate attachment. The dreadful knot that had been knitting itself over his heart and dividing them in inscrutable torturing ways—was now all unravelled into true honeymoon veins, free, bounding, joyous, thrilling with thrills he had never felt before and warm with a warmth unknown until this day.

Thenceforth Bertha and Clarence reached their zenith of romance.

Consummate days flowed for him from the honeymoon Christmas like linked sweetness—but alas! not long drawn out.

An unforgettable period of happiness supreme, of love and faith all triumphant over the slaughtered Gorgon of Money, a brief period in which the world appeared enlarged to Clarence, even through the little window in the Bank, and the sex that filed before it somehow unlifted in his Areopagus of judgment, as if the glory of the one woman of his possession—who sought him not as a paying teller but as the one to whom she would give all—masked the ugliest spirit in all women.

And this divine period of romance continued until the first day of January, nineteen hundred and eleven, when Clarence received a bill from a manufacturing firm of automobiles for one motor car, price two thousand five hundred dollars, and another from a builder for the cost of cementing the stable, *et cetera.*

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QUEEN ISTAR

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

[*Istar, mad with love for Idzubar, and slighted by him, seeks revenge in the abode of Allat, the realms of the god Irkhalla, the land of death.*]

TO the mute, to the inexorable land,
Istar, daughter of Sin, inclined her head,
Also her steps to the silence directed she;
Toward the mute, toward the arid land,
Toward the region where there is no sea,
Toward the country where the stars are dead
She stretched forth her hand.

Ere it was finished and done,
The word of Queen Istar and even her fierce word,—
"The houses of darkness stand open, I haste, I fly!
With a triumph to the dust I am gone,
Yea, even with a laugh, with a cry.
I spread my hands as a bird,
I hasten, I run

"Toward the darkness, toward the dread death,
Toward the country where silence is laid as a covering thick,
Toward the land where the sun and the moon shed no beam,
Where sleep has no murmuring breath;
For lo, I am sick of a dream.
I loathe it. O I am sick,
I hunger for death!

"I burn, I am maddened, I go,
Neither any more do I cry, my wailing is dumb.
Let the winds of the dawn sing together that I may dance!
That I may enter and go
Let the gates of the darkness advance,
Let the gates make open; I come,
I order it so.

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" Make open your bolts, unbar,—
Mine eyes are turned toward the place where there is no sky,
My feet are set toward the land where the sun is dead,
Nor starlight nor moonlight are;
Make open, for I have said!
Unveil, for lo, it is I,"
Saith the Queen Istar!

To the first gate when she was come,
The keeper struck off her crown, the sign of her head,
Also her high tiara he struck with his hand;
" Enter, O lady, and come,
Of Allat it is the command,
To the place where the stars are dead
Enter and come."

At the second gate, at that gate
To the vaults of darkness, the palace of rain and rust,
The rings from her ears, her ear-rings he made them free;
" Enter, O lady, the gate,
Of Allat it is the decree,
The gate that is scattered with dust—
Lo, this is the gate! "

At the third gate, and at the third,
The necklace bound on her neck, the circlet about,
It broke at his hand, also it fell at his touch;
" Obey, O lady, the word,
The order of Allat is such,
In the city that hears no shout,
Where no laughter is heard."

To the fourth gate when she had pressed,
The cincture of her breast, her breast-plate laid on her breast,
The ornaments thereof, the jewels, at his touch they fell;
" Make bare, O lady, thy breast,
Of Allat it is the will,
In the land where the winds have rest,
Where the waves have rest."

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At the fifth gate, at the gate of rust,
The girdle of her waist, the gems of it, row on row,
In his hands he took them, he laid them across his knees;
" Enter the palace of dust,
The word of Allat decrees,
Go, for thou willest, go.
Nay, for thou must! "

To the sixth gate when she was led,
Her armlets, her anklets, he struck from her body sweet;
" To the land whose chiefs are as birds, whose kings are as birds,
Enter, O lady," he said,
" They are written of Allat the words,
' Let the night be a snare for her feet,
A shroud for her head.' "

At the seventh gate when she was there,
The keeper tore from her body the covering veil;
As a blast of trumpets, sudden as a cymbal's clash,
Her body, splendid and bare,
Dawned on the dark as a flash,
Her body, stately and pale,
Dawned suddenly there!

" Enter, O lady, at length
The land of ruin, the country of trampled wheat."
With a shifting sound of her sandals she beat the ground.
She burst the portals at length.
She moved with a dancing sound,
With a shifting sound of her feet
And a sound of strength.

Istar lifted her hands.
She bit them, she beat her breast, she cried with a cry,
" O desolate lands whereof Istar hath entered the gate,
O dark and desolate lands!
Her body is choked with her hate,
With her hands she smites you, and I
With the hate of my hands!

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" O desolate, dark and dark!
For the sake of love and a vain love, for his sake
Do I seek you, the hunger of love makes hurried my breath.
My body starving and stark
Yearns toward the fulness of death,
For his sake also I make
My robes of the dark!

" Behold you, and lo, and lo,
Have I cried at all, have I made any wail as I went!
As a trodden serpent, a back-blown waste of the chaff,
I turn to replague you so;
I dance to the horror, I laugh,
My neck with a laughter is bent:
I go, I go!"

Toward the mute, toward the inexorable place,
Istar, daughter of Sin, inclined her head,
She wearied of a bitter love, she passed, she was gone;
In the sad, in the empty place,
With the darkness that is blind to the sun,
In the country where the stars are dead,
She covered her face.

II

SERENADE

THE stars are out and the heavens are silent and very deep,
My heart was wakeful and wild and hungry to be with the stars,
I rose and came to thy window; but thou, my belovèd, sleep!

Sleep, though my heart be wild and wakeful and full of unrest:
The crickets are still and the breezes creep in at thy window, sweet,
Thy right hand lies under thine head, and thy left lies over thy breast.

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Sleep, till the wind be dead and the stars swoon out of the skies;
The world is full of laughter and weeping and passionate prayer,
More soft than the night on the waters are thine eyelids over thine eyes!

III

TO ONE ASLEEP

WITHOUT the thunders of the city fade.
You, too, at last, lapped in the great release,
Lean back shut lids; slowly all sounds decrease:
The mystery of sleep makes me afraid.
Are these the arms that about my heart were laid,
Are these the lips that clung, the fingers these?
So deep a division the disdainful peace
Of temporal death between us two has made.

Even as death, into some world above me
He has called you up beyond my utmost love.
O sweet, where are you, alas! where are you fled?
Yet will I not call you back again to love me,
Nor waken you from that high peace, above
These little fears, these hopes uncomforted.

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A WANDERER

WITTER BYNNER

AS when a bird alights at sea,
I found you and you rested me;

Forsaking ocean's infinite foam,
I clung to you and made you home.

But soon again I wandered free—
As when a bird alights at sea.

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FOR SAPPHO

WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

ONE noon I sat and sang to you
(Over our heads the roses blew),
I touched as in wild dream my lyre,
The music I drew forth was fire,
And fire the words that sought my tongue—
Ah! I was your lover and mad and young.

You leaned on the marble and looked at me
(Over our heads the roses blew),
My song was the lure and beauty of you—
Like flame beneath thin ivory!
But ever your burning eyes would scan
The sea for the Lesbian ferryman.

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THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION

PETER MCARTHUR

FOR some years past the magazines and newspapers have been publishing scathing exposures of political corruption and yet the public does not seem to be convinced. If the decent people of the country really believed the stories that are told, with such a wealth of damning evidence, they would "Ere this . . . have fatted all the region's kites" with those who are corrupting the electorate and subverting the will of the voters. The trouble seems to be that the significance of the exposures does not get home to them. It does not occur to the honest voter in Texas that he may be in any way responsible for the political conditions in Pittsburgh, or to the voter in Maine that he is to blame for corruption in San Francisco.

The trouble has been that the exposures have all been local and the principles involved obscured by accounts of personal graft, deals, and the pernicious activities of rapacious corporations. For this reason it may not be unprofitable to attempt a broad review of the principles of political corruption as they are at present applied. Students of pathology tell us that even the most loathsome diseases have an orderly development that is just as interesting to the student as the normal functions of the body. A study of political corruption reveals the fact that however much local conditions may vary a few simple principles are involved, and perhaps if these were properly understood it would be easier to find and apply remedies. These principles are almost axiomatic in their simplicity and for that reason they are seldom considered worth dwelling on by writers who are excited by the specific cases to which they are giving attention. All who are engaged in practical politics understand them and apply them in their work; but it is surprising to find how ignorant the average voter is of the means by which his political activities are rendered absurd or made to have the opposite effect from that intended. One does not need to probe very deeply to find that the vast majority of the voters of the country are honest: they also know that the

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vast majority of their neighbors are honest and are consequently bewildered to find how helpless they are in trying to effect reforms. They know they are cheated and defeated at every election, and yet they do not see that the responsibility rests at their own doors. It never seems to dawn on them that the honest partisan is the greatest asset of the political corruptionist. It is because the majority can be handled without being bought that it is so easy to swing an election. The greater the number of honest partisans the easier it is for the corruptionist to attain his ends.

The great danger of making sweeping statements about buying elections is that they defeat themselves by their vagueness. They suggest a wholesale corruption of the electorate which even the most superficial observer knows to be untrue. The trouble is not that the privileged classes buy so many votes, but that we make it necessary for them to buy so few. By our faith in parties either old or new we make it ridiculously easy for those who wish to control the legislative machinery of the country to attain their ends. I doubt if there has been an honest election of any importance in either the United States or Canada in the past twenty-five years, and yet I have been assured by skilled and experienced politicians that, taking the country over,——

First: not one voter in fifty sells his vote in a general election;

Second: not one voter in twenty is approached by bribers or sees any real evidence that money is being wrongly used.

The vast majority are justified in believing that every election is decided on its merits and are justified in resenting the suggestion that the party to which they give their allegiance is corrupt. As a matter of fact there are very few really bad men in public life, though there are altogether too many bad methods and deluded men. It is nonsense to charge wholesale corruption in an election whose result does not please us. The day of wholesale corruption is past. Leaving out the honest voters, I doubt if more than a small percentage of those who are eager to sell their votes in a general election ever get the chance. Their votes are not needed. The work of swinging an

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election where all the people are engaged is too expertly done for any money or wickedness to be wasted. Thanks to the straight party man who can always be relied upon to vote the party ticket, political corruption has been reduced to an exact science. Every dollar is placed where it will count and the wonderful thing is how few dollars are needed. In local elections the case is somewhat different and corruption may be more rampant, but the principles involved are the same.

Without referring in any way to specific elections, let us examine briefly how our election machinery works. We have two great parties, the Democratic and the Republican. These parties differ radically on several important points of public policy. Because of this each can claim the honest support of a great number of thinking men. Add to this the number of those who are either Democrats or Republicans "by birth" and think it a disgrace to go back on the party to which their fathers belonged, and we have the great mass of voters normally divided into two hostile camps that can be depended upon to vote in the same way in any election.

But besides these party voters we have a small class of voters who are either independent or indifferent or corrupt. Although the number of voters in this class is small, it is usually enough to swing the election. If its support can be secured for the Democrats, the Democrats will win. If it can be secured by the Republicans, the Republicans will win. The result is that those who wish to control the elections pay no attention to the straight party men. So long as they vote the straight party tickets, they are useful only inasmuch as they reduce the number of those whose votes must be secured by the campaign managers. Every campaign really centres around the class of voters who do not belong to any party. The honest independents must be won by eloquence and sound arguments, and the indifferent and venal by influence or money.

But all the independents or indifferents or bribe-takers are not needed to swing an election. Our partisan politics works out so beautifully that only a small portion is needed. A majority of those who are hunting for bribes cannot get them and are not to be blamed if they join the honest voters in saying that no

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money was used. Their corrupt votes are not required. In order to understand how this is possible we must take a closer glance at the working of our electoral machinery. Under present conditions our constituencies are marked off without any reference, except for gerrymandering purposes, to the number of Democrats or Republicans there may be in a given constituency. The only thing considered is the needful population. The result is that we have many constituencies where the Democrats are in a vast majority and others where the Republicans are similarly placed.

Now let us proceed with the work of eliminating unnecessary votes. Where either party has a normal majority of, say, a thousand, it would be useless to try to swing this election, for no normal constituency has that number of corrupt voters. Where there is an overwhelming Republican or Democratic majority it is useless to try to do any swinging. To get control in Congress it is only necessary to put a majority of one party in power. The consequence is that in a general election all the Democratic and Republican strongholds are crossed off and the work of swinging the election confined to widely scattered constituencies. In these the straight Democratic and Republican voters are crossed off and the campaign confined to the class that may be influenced. In each of these close constituencies the capture of a hundred votes will usually suffice to swing an election. No money is wasted in the party strongholds on illegitimate practices, but in the close constituencies it is possible to pay fancy prices for votes if there is a sufficient campaign fund. If only one party is provided with funds the amount required would be merely a trifle to a giant corporation or combination of corporations that wishes to secure special privileges for raiding the resources of the country. With a grateful party in power they can quickly get back their expenditures many times over. And they do not need to make the necessary arrangements with the individual members of the party in power. All they need to do is to make the proper deal with the " practical men " of the party and the majority of the members of Congress can be depended upon to vote along straight party lines. The little " jokers " that are slipped into the laws to pay political debts usually look very

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harmless until they have been interpreted by the courts. No man need go back on his party because of them. This unwavering fidelity gives the corruptionist who has secured control of the party machinery a chance to do further effective and clean work. He is never afraid to see men of tried honesty and high principles nominated for office. Instead he is apt to seek such men for his ticket and while they are denouncing all kinds of political crookedness on the platform, he and his silent cohorts go about buying the necessary votes to elect them, secure in the knowledge that they will always vote with their party when elected. Much of the grim humor one hears among practical politicians has to do with these incorruptibles who owe their positions to corruption. A case in point is that of a member of the Supreme Court of a western State who began his career by running for Congress. The story was told to me by one of the workers who secured his election.

"One day the candidate met me," said my informant, to whom I had been introduced by a practical politician, as he took me into his confidence and began to talk as one briber might to another, "and asked me how things were going in a certain district.

"'Fine,' I replied. 'You will have a good majority there.'

"'I am not surprised,' he said enthusiastically. 'When I was speaking there I made the best speech that I made in the whole campaign.'"

The worker nudged me as he said: "It cost us just seven thousand dollars to win that particular district for him and he thought his speech did it."

No matter how amazing may be the corruption which is revealed by the muckraker or a court of investigation, it will be found that it all springs from the ease with which the balance of power can be secured when two parties contend. Careful investigators and practical politicians agree in placing the corruptible vote of the country at two per cent. of the whole. But as things have developed it would be better to say that under normal conditions of party warfare it would be necessary to corrupt only two per cent. to swing a general election. Of course in the constituencies on the firing line the percentage would be

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much greater, but the percentage is lowered at once when we add the many constituencies that are party strongholds and where corruption is unnecessary.

Of course the natural result of this extraordinary value of the corrupt vote to those who wish to control elections was to induce the venal voters to be organized so that they could secure the full advantage of their strategic position. Political organizations that could secure favors for the floating, corruptible voters became inevitable. In almost every case they take on the form of an amazing and hideous charitable organization. The charitable side of these organizations wherever they exist is the very breath of their being, even though it takes the form of furnishing free whisky to the fallen souls of society who have lost all except their votes or their power to personate a voter. By a bitter irony of fate our free institutions can be controlled by the outcasts of society and those who prey on it. By banding together, or rather by following some leader who can dole out to them the means of debauchery and protection for misdeeds, they can subvert the will of the ninety-eight per cent. of decent citizens who put forth party platforms, expound fundamental principles of government and discuss abstract justice. Their leaders are quickly able to entrench themselves and increase their misbegotten charities by getting their own creatures appointed to office and in that way securing control of the police and the administration of justice in the courts. The conditions that prevail in organizations of this kind are inconceivable to normal minds. The leaders of political gangs who can deliver votes are true philanthropists to their wretched followers, who cannot be blamed for being loyal to the only persons who stand between them and the world with which they are at war.

No one who studies these conditions can help coming to the conclusion that the organizations that subvert elections are in their nature a just punishment to society for the harshness with which it has treated those unfortunates who are unfit for the struggle of life. Their misfortunes force them to grasp at the only straw that is offered to them and instead of denouncing them in unmeasured terms we should rather aim by sane laws and human sympathy to relieve them of the miseries which force

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them for self-protection to run the courses we denounce. The forces that give power to the political bosses can all say with one of the most tragic of prisoners:

"I know not whether laws be right
Or whether laws be wrong,
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the walls are strong."

And they know from bitter experience that the only person who can break down the walls for them or open the doors of their prison house is the political boss at whose bidding they are willing to vote, to repay him for his Christian charity. It would be much better for us to understand these conditions than to denounce them.

With the rise of the great corporations that need special legislation to secure for them the privileges they desire, the corrupt leaders with their wretched following were able to command greater prices for their influence than they could extort from the ordinary campaign managers who were willing, for the benefit of their high-minded party organizations, to stoop to deal with such people. The little bosses were bought up by the magnates of business life and the big bosses who carried out their will came into being. By the number of votes they controlled these bosses were able to take command of the parties and the decent citizens who wished to serve their country had to come to them hat in hand. With the advent of business men came the advent of business methods and the corrupt organizations have been more skilfully managed than any political organization of decent citizens that has ever been developed. Politics became an essential part of Big Business instead of the study of decent citizens. And all the while the honest partisans have stuck to their parties and helped more than any of them dream to make free government a farce.

With all voters honest, or in a position to be honest, the party system of government would be admirable, for it would at all times have the Government checked and criticised by an honest and decent Opposition; but as matters have developed it has become nothing short of a crime for a man to be a partisan. If

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he makes corruption possible he should bear the blame or at least share it with the weak or wretched people who sell their votes. One amusing outcome of the power that has been gained by the corrupt elements of society is that in some cases they have temporarily put an end to corruption by their extortionate demands. Even Big Business could not afford the prices they insolently demanded, which shows that if all voters were corrupt the evil would destroy itself. It is the existence of the honest partisans, reducing the number of those who must be corrupted, that make bribery and the politics of the underworld possible and profitable. While the vast majority are sufficiently partisan to allow the balance of power to rest with the corrupt, corruption will continue. The science of political corruption has been developed to a point where it can be defeated only by a new conception of citizenship. How this end may be attained it is not the purpose of this article to suggest. Its sole purpose is to lay the blame for existing conditions where it really belongs, and that is at the door of the honest partisan. Let him bethink himself how his house is to be put in order. All parties are alike capable of being controlled by the combination of the underworld and the Higher Sphere of Finance. Between these upper and nether millstones of corruption the rights of the people are being ground to extinction.

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THE DRAMA OF THE WOMAN OF GENIUS

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

"THERE'S no such a person as Mrs. Harris!" exclaimed the quarrelsome friend of Dickens' Sairy Gamp, in her climax of jealousy of the much-vaunted but never-seen benefactress. "There is no woman of genius," says de Goncourt; "women of genius are all men." "There can never be a woman of genius," says the author of *Sex and Character,* in whose view women are hardly human, although it is the duty of men to treat them as if they were.

This book, recently translated from the German into English and already in its third edition, is a curious testimony to the effect of prejudice upon the ability to see facts. The author, strangely precocious in his maturity of thought and style and in his wide reach of learning, yet betrays such an exaggerated and even diseased adolescence in his sex-antagonism that we do not wonder that he committed suicide before he was twenty-four years of age. What de Goncourt puts into an epigram has been laboriously wrought out in many heavy books. What Otto Weininger declares, with that intense hatred of women which the morbid ascetic has always shown, is asserted in more or less good-natured argument by many writers. In an *Essay on the Character, the Manners and the Understanding of Women in Different Ages,* published in 1781, the author, Mons. Thomas, gives it as his belief that women have never reached and never can reach that "very height of human nature from which great men have looked down and examined nature's laws, have showed to the soul the source of its ideas, assigned to reason its bounds, to motion its laws, to the universe its course; who have created sciences and aggrandized the human mind by cultivating their own." Thus early, however, and most reasonably, Mons. Thomas raises the question, fundamental in the problem of woman's intellectual life, "If not one woman has ever raised herself to a level with the greatest men, is it the fault of education or of her nature?" Certainly the absence of women

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from the highest-placed company of the Immortals in philosophy, science and art is too obvious to be discussed.

Plutarch in his account of "The Virtuous Actions of Women" gives recognition of their intellectual ability, but, moralist that he is, dwells most on the high degree of courage and honor in his chosen examples. He, however, has the insight to declare that "the talents and virtues are modified by circumstances and persons, but the source is the same"; thus linking men and women together in his company of the great and the good. He and later writers willingly grant women place among the lesser, if not among the supreme, geniuses.

At the outstart of discussion of women's intellectual attainments, it is well to remember how few are the men of first rank. Dr. Clouston, in his illuminating analysis of the "eleven orders of brain," gives the average man "four-fifths of the whole of humanity," while to the great genius he allows "only a few in each generation." To the class of "marked, all-round talent," however, he assigns one-eleventh part of the mass of mankind, and to "genius of the lesser rank" a chance to appear at any time in one to every four or five hundred of the population. It is in these two classes, that of the all-round talented, and that of the specialized genius of the secondary rank, that we count up most of the great women. For example, of the hundreds of religious sects which may be listed only a few can be placed to the credit of women as founders, and none of those is one of the great religions; but women have assisted men in establishing faiths of which they were the first and most important disciples—as in the second century of our era Apelles had his prophetess-friend, Philumene, to help him; and later, Montanus his two women assistants, Priscilla and Maximilla, who seem to have impressed even Tertullian himself with their zeal and ability. In philosophy many women appear of the second and third class, but no one great enough to found a school of thought. In poetry, Sappho, Sulpicia and Erinna lighten with their suggestion of youth and beauty the massive chorus of masculine poets of the ancient world; and in our own time Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning and many others wear their singing robes by right; but, as is often said, Dante and Shakespeare have no feminine

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counterparts. In science, mathematics has so far proved the field of women's greatest achievements, counting many eminent women, from Laura Bassi, who graced so well her professor's chair in the University of Bologna, to Miss Herschel, whose work was so interwoven with that of her brother, that no one can know its exact scope and value. The fame of Mrs. Somerville in this branch of knowledge is secure, as is that of Constance Naden, so highly praised by Herbert Spencer as showing that "rare union of high philosophic capacity with intense acquisition," and whose untimely death probably deprived the world of one of its great expressions of feminine power. Sophie Kowalevsky, also, is accepted as a master and found her rightful place in the professor's chair in Stockholm. In music women have made a very poor showing in the field of composition, but a rich display in interpretation of song and in appreciative criticism. In literature, to which some deny the distinction of art, but which it is hard to describe adequately by any other word, women show better results; in the branch of letters, memoirs and journals excelling men, and in fiction now clearly leading the van, with Marian Evans at the head of the line. In acting, a subsidiary but important art of interpretation, women stand at the very top; and in oratory, wherever and whenever allowed by custom to practise it, they easily win first place, in point of numbers of excellent public speakers now clearly excelling the masculine side of the house. In politics and the art of government of States women have chief seats in the Pantheon. Surprise has repeatedly been expressed by students on discovering this fact, which shows how little the true genius of common womanhood itself has as yet been understood. In spite of their legal subjection to men, women have ruled and administered affairs in the family and in the smaller social groups since time began; they excel and have always excelled in power to read human nature, in detail-observation of facts and conditions and in skill in making needed social adjustments. This power, "writ large," is the power of the statesman. Hence there is the best of reasons in the practical, social capacity of women, why the great queens of history have compelled even the most reluctant historians to give them place among the leading political rulers and organizers of

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the race. Democracy has not yet learned to use these innate powers of women to such advantage as aristocracy succeeded in doing. When it does, the rudely broken line of high display of women's political genius may be reunited to good effect. With this exception, and some rare but significant concessions which are beginning to be called for by such a woman as Madame Curie, women are generally required in respect to the supreme manifestation of genius to echo the plaintive humility of Anne Bradstreet, writing in 1640:

> "Men can do best, and women know it well.
> Preëminence in each and all is yours,
> Yet grant some small acknowledgment of ours."

The failure of women to produce genius of the first rank in most of the supreme forms of human effort has been used to block the way of all women of talent and ambition for intellectual achievement in a manner that would be amusingly absurd were it not so monstrously unjust and socially harmful. A few ambitious girls in the middle of the nineteenth century in Boston, the Athens of America, want to go to High School. The Board of Education answers them, in effect: "Produce a Michael Angelo or a Plato and you shall have a chance to learn a bit of mathematics, history and literature." A few women of marked inclination toward the healing art want a chance to study in a medical school and learn facts and methods in a hospital. "Go to!" the managing officials in substance reply: "Where is your great surgeon; what supreme contribution has any woman ever made to our science?" A group of earnest students beg admission to college and show good preparation gained by hard struggle with adverse conditions. "You can't come in," the trustees respond, "until you produce a Shakespeare or a Milton." The demand that women shall show the highest fruit of specialized talent and widest range of learning before they have had the general opportunity for a common-school education is hardly worthy of the sex that prides itself upon its logic. In point of fact no one, neither the man who denies woman a proper human soul nor the woman who claims "superiority" for her sex, can have any actual basis for accurate answer to the ques-

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tion, Can a woman become a genius of the first class? Nobody can know unless women in general shall have equal opportunity with men in education, in vocational choice, and in social welcome of their best intellectual work for a number of generations. So far women have suffered so many disabilities in the circumstances of their lives, in their lack of training in what Buckle calls "that preposterous system called their education," in their segregation from all the higher intellectual comradeship, in the personal and family and social hindrances to their mental growth and expression, that not even women themselves, still less men, can have an adequate idea of their possibilities of achievement. Nothing therefore is more foolish than to try to decide *a priori* the limits of a woman's capacity. What we do know is this, that there have been women of talent, and even of genius reaching near to the upper circles of the elect; and we know also that these women of marked talent have appeared whenever and wherever women have had opportunities of higher education and have been held in esteem by men as intellectual companions as well as wives and manual workers. The connection between these two facts is obvious.

Moreover we are to remember in this era of wider study and more inclusive generalization than the past has shown, that new scales of value in genius are being slowly evolved. Each critic and tabulator in the past has made his own grading of human powers and usually in accordance with his own taste or talent. The philosopher has put at the head those who have wrought out systems of thought and built a new universe out of the interior vision; the artist has given chief crown to those whose creative power has produced triumphs of the imagination; the scientist has placed first those who have discovered most of nature's secrets and put her forces at the service of man; the statesman has honored most highly those who have builded kingdoms and organized society. It so happens now that we are in need of more detailed and flexible administrative genius than has been consciously desired before, and it is not unlikely that in the revision of the lists of the Immortals which Time is always making, certain contributions of womanhood to social culture and social readjustment may loom larger than in the past. We are, how-

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ever, still under the domination of the philosophic thinker, the pure scientist and the artist in making the record of genius, and women have to accept the conventional challenges of greatness as men have made them.

At this point it is well to remind ourselves not only how few are the men of supreme genius, but also how few have been fortunate enough in their biographies to get their names on the chief lists of the second rank. Not all "inglorious Miltons" were "mute." Many sang sweetly to their contemporaries, but lacked voice to echo down the ages. Doubtless many quite equal to Dr. Johnson, yet lacking his Boswell, received only a fine print recognition in a biographical dictionary. Women, far more than men, it is reasonable to suppose, have suffered hasty eclipse for want of adequate mention in the permanent records. Sappho has been sadly overworked as an instance of feminine genius; yet to be called "the poetess" as Homer was "the poet" in Greece, nearly five hundred years before our era, was not only proof of her own greatness, but also that there must have been many smaller poetesses to win her that distinction. The ancient world must also have produced numbers of women-philosophers of ability to have made a place for Hypatia at the head of a School; and her powers, which won her a martyrdom for truth equal in dignity to that of Socrates, must have had their rooting in the rich soil of the higher education of women. Indeed, we hear of over thirty "lady philosophers" and students of the most advanced learning in the School of Pythagoras. Again that Pulcheria, of whom Gibbon says, "She alone of all the descendants of the great Theodosius appears to have inherited any share of his manly spirit and abilities," could not have been the only woman of her time and her court to show intellectual achievements as well as noble statesmanship. And that Paula, friend of Jerome, descendant of the Gracchi, and one of the richest women of antiquity, who chose simplicity and frugality for herself, using her wealth for education and charity, could not have carried into effect such noble forms of self-sacrifice had she not lived in a time and place in which women had control over their purses and their lives. Superlative genius, although usually quite unexpected in appearance, always arises out of a group of secondary

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great ones, and these in turn out of a crowd of the merely talented. Following this general law, when the Lady reached her heyday of supremacy in the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, her class gave to the world many women of marked intellectual power and of special gifts in many lines. In these days of girls' colleges and co-educational universities and of increasingly free opportunities for professional work, we remember and call over with a fresh sense of their natural place in the social economy, these learned and gifted women. But in the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, they seemed like fairy-tale heroines to the reader who chanced upon their biographies.

Budding genius in the Lady-class naturally developed along the lines of least resistance to the habits and conventions of the age and station of the exceptional woman. Writing, scholarship in all the learning of the period, teaching, public lecturing, preaching (then thought entirely suitable for the great lady who could do it well), leadership in church affairs and contribution to the higher statesmanship of royal houses and princely courts —these were her achievements. The "funeral oration" seems at that time to have been a favorite method of public instruction. It was used by that young girl of the thirteenth century, daughter of a gentleman of Boulogne, who at the age of twenty-three pronounced one in Latin in the great church of her city, of which it is recorded, "the orator to be admired had no need of her youth or the charms of her sex." At twenty-six this young woman took her doctor's degree and began to read publicly the Institutes of Justinian in her own house, and at thirty was raised by her learning and gifts of speech to a professor's chair, "teaching the laws to a prodigious concourse of people of all nations." It was said she "joined the elegance of the woman to the learning of the man," and "when she spoke had the merit to make her hearers forget her beauty." Again, we remember Cassandre Fidèle who wrote equally well in the languages of Homer, Virgil and Dante and who, it is said, "by her graces embellished even theology." She gave public lessons at Padua, sustained theses in public debate, and had also "many agreeable talents such as music." She could not have stood alone, although probably none of the learned ladies of her town were her equals; and

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surely to but few women of any age has it been given, as it was to her, to prove that higher education is not inimical to woman's health, by living more than one hundred years! As to the women preachers of that time, we may be sure that the Spanish Isabella who often spoke in the great church of Barcelona, "converting even the Jews by her eloquence," must have had humble followers who were the pride of their smaller congregations.

This was the period of extravagant praise for gifted women, as in Venice, where in 1555, Signora Jeanne d'Aragon had constructed for her a "Temple of Praise" for her wit, her learning and her eloquence, to which the greatest writers of her time contributed in all the principal languages of the world. And her sister was so nearly her equal in gifts and graces that it was thought necessary to give her a separate "decree of praise" made in much the same way. This genius passed down the family line with the son of Jeanne, a Prince of Colonne, to show that nature never balks at feminine transmission of power.

It was in this period also that books and treatises first appeared discussing the "woman question" and introducing the vexed problem of the relative powers of the sexes. One Cornelius Agrippa labored to prove by a book of thirty chapters, "The Superior Excellence of Women Over Men," calling upon "theology, physical science, history, cabalistic knowledge and morals" to establish his thesis. This man was a soldier of distinction and an all-round scholar, who gave lectures on St. Paul in England, on the Philosopher's Stone in Turin, on theology at Pavia, and practised medicine in Switzerland. Several other men wrote books to prove the ability of women, if not their superiority to men. One of these, Peter Paul Ribera, published a volume entitled *The Immortal Triumphs and Heroic Enterprises of Eight Hundred and Forty-Five Women.* Women also took a hand in proclaiming their own powers. A celebrated Venetian lady, Modesta di Pozzo di Forzi, in 1593 maintained the superiority of her sex in no uncertain words. Her biographer in giving an account of the "great success of her book" shrewdly remarks that "unfortunately for her that which perhaps assisted in that success was that men could praise her without fear, since

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she died just as the work appeared." He also confesses that "men always see with pleasure these sorts of works by women; for pride, which calculates everything, makes men regard as a proof of their advantage the efforts which are made to combat them." In the seventeenth century another Venetian lady went so far as to entitle her book, *The Nobleness and Excellence of Women and the Defects and Imperfections of Men.* It is said that she too had "the success that beauty gives to wit." Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, undertook in a letter to prove the superiority of her sex; while Mlle. de Gourney contented herself with simply claiming equality. Then, as now, however, some of the most learned and able women found such comparisons odious, and would none of the merry war for supremacy. One man wrote two books, one on each side of the debate; the first in 1673, entitled *The Equality of the Sexes; a philosophic and moral discourse in which one sees the importance of getting rid of one's prejudices;* and the second in 1675, entitled *The Excellency of Men against the Equality of the Sexes;* but we are told that in the second book "he refuted himself gently, fearing to have reason against himself."

The whole discussion seems to have been a sort of play-battle, doubtless taken seriously by few, if any. It was the prelude to a more serious struggle for democratic rights in government, in education, and in industry which wrought itself out first by and for men, and in which for a long season all claims of women to justice and consideration were forgotten.

Carlyle reminds us that while the French Revolution was smouldering toward conflagration the "paper people" (those at ease in their own circumstances from having already profited by class privilege) were playing with radical ideas that were later to make rallying cries in the bloody struggle. It was a time, he says, when "Philosophism sat joyful in her glittering saloons, the dinner guest of Opulence grown ingenuous, the very nobles proud to sit by her, and Preaching, lifted up over all Bastiles, a coming millennium." So in the times when womanhood in general suffered all unspeakable outrage and misery, this little comedy of mock homage, which yet had in it some notes of true reverence, was played out on the stage of polite society.

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There were hard days coming, days when the rights of man as man were to embroil the world in conflict; days when the common life was to surge up to the drawing room and rudely break up the dinners of Opulence; days when the Lady was lost sight of and the stern times called even for the woman of genius to bury herself in the primal labors of her sex, that so the home might be kept and the children saved alive and the grain harvested while the men held their hands at the throat of Despotism, until all the common folk were counted as people. When the time came for a genuine movement for equality of education and opportunity for women, it was the great middle class, not the nobility, that led in the sober struggle; and it was martyrdom, not "success," that came first.

Victor Hugo says: "The eighteenth century was man's century; the nineteenth is woman's." In that man's century of revolution against class privilege, the lowest level of "female education" seems to have been reached in our Anglo-Saxon civilization. In our own country, in the early days, the vigor of mind as well as of body of both men and women went of necessity into the pioneer building of our mighty States. So much was this the fact that the oft-repeated sneer, "Who reads an American book?" might well have been answered by a showing of Constitutions, Highways, Schools, ordered Settlements, as the front-row volumes in the library of American genius. This practical devotion to doing things that later historians would write about, made the women of colonial and revolutionary and western-pioneering days great persons, but small students. And the opportunity for learning in schools was even less than the incitement toward "the still air of delightful studies." Although in Massachusetts as early as 1636 the General Court established Harvard College, and in 1644 ordered the several towns to make sure that "Evry family alow one peck of corne or 12d. in money or other commodity to be sent in to ye Treasurer for the colledge at Cambridge," and in 1683 voted that "Every towne consisting of more than five hundred families shall set up and maintain scholes to instruct youth as the law directs," no girls were thought of in this connection. The provision of "free schools," "schools for the people," etc., left the girls entirely out of the count.

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Hartford, Connecticut, indeed, in 1771, began to allow girls to learn "reading, spelling, writing" and sometimes "to add"; but not until the close of the eighteenth century did the majority of towns of New England make provision, even in a meagre manner, for the education of girls.

At first all the Common Schools for girls were held between April and October, when the boys were at work on the farms; and as late as 1792 Newburyport most reluctantly allowed girls over nine years of age, "instruction in grammar and reading during the summer months for an hour and a half after the dismission of the boys." This opportunity was extended in 1804 to a provision for "girls' schools," "to be kept for six months in the year from six to eight o'clock in the morning and on Thursday afternoons," when the boys, presumably, were not using the school rooms! As late as 1788 the town of Northampton, Massachusetts, voted "not to be at any expense for schooling girls," and only yielded, after an appeal to the courts by the tax-paying fathers of the girls, a small chance to learn in the summer months. Up to 1828 girls did not go to public schools in Rhode Island; and not until 1852 was the "Girls' High School" securely established in Boston itself, and not until 1878 the "Girls' Latin School" of that city to prepare for college.

As Abigail Adams wrote in 1817, when over seventy years of age, speaking of the opportunities of women in her day: "The only chance for much intellectual improvement in the female sex, was to be found in the families of the educated class and in occasional intercourse with the learned." To this should be added the partiality of men teachers to some bright girls, which gave an exceptional training to a favored few. Thus we read that in 1783 Ezra Stiles, President of Yale, gave a certificate declaring that he had "examined Miss Lucinda Foote, twelve years old," and had found her "fully qualified, except in regard to sex, to be received as a pupil in the Freshman Class of Yale University." We are glad to learn that Lucinda received the full college course, including Hebrew, under President Stiles' private instruction, and that she then proved that learning does not undermine the family, by marrying and having ten children. To similar happy accidents of personal favoritism toward exceptional girls

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must be added the earliest contributions to co-education made by the religious sects, the Moravians who founded in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1749, the first private institution in America which admitted girls to higher educational opportunities than the elementary school; and the Friends, who established in 1697 the Penn Charter School in Philadelphia which made provision for the education of "all Children and Servants, Male and Female, the rich to be instructed at reasonable rates and the poor to be maintained and schooled for nothing"; although in this provision the boys were provided with a more extended course of study than the girls.

These reminders of the period before the days of the Ladies' Academy for the well-to-do, of which Miss Willard's was the most ambitious, and of Mary Lyon's school in which the poorer girls could earn a part of their living by housework, cannot be omitted from consideration of the intellectual output of women in the United States. Oberlin, with its "Female Department" and its offers of education to black as well as white, the Cincinnati Wesleyan Woman's College and Ripon and Antioch Colleges, were object-lessons long more observed than followed. The establishment of Normal Schools gave the first great democratic opportunity in education to women in America; and, characteristically in the history of women's higher education, this opportunity was given women not for themselves as human beings entitled to intellectual development, but as women who could give the State a larger and cheaper supply of teachers for the free public schools. Even as such it was an innovation bitterly opposed as too radical. We recall the procession of hoodlums of "property and standing" that made an effigy of the gentle and learned Mr. Brooks and carried it through the streets, putting a fool's cap on the head on which was the legend "A Normal School in the Clouds." The valiant Horace Mann had to work hard and long to bring that vision down from the clouds into the actual public school system; and women teachers, trained in co-educational normal schools, shared his labor at every step. In spite of their poverty in education, however, the women of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries made some good showing in letters; and their struggles for professional

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training and opportunity, especially in the field of medicine, show an heroic temper as well as a persistent purpose second to no class of men in a similar effort to obtain rights and chances in the larger life.

There have been so many definitions of the lesser genius that one is at liberty to vary the intellectual challenge to women in order to cover justly the demand upon them. If, for example, as some say, "genius is the power of prodigious industry in some one direction," then women might certainly win some prizes in literature—or in what is called that when it is fresh from the press and becomes "the best seller." Not only Mrs. Southworth with her near a hundred books translated into several languages and sold in six capitals of the world, but also Mrs. Willis Parton with her article each week for sixteen successive years in *The New York Ledger,* may challenge attention! Then we have Lydia H. Sigourney whose day-school education ceased at thirteen years and who was obliged to do all the rest of her studying by herself, varied only by a short term at a boarding school where she was taught "embroidery of historical scenes, filigree and other finger-works." She produced over fifty books and more than two thousand articles in prose and verse contributed to over three hundred periodicals. No wonder her Muse was anæmic from such exertion on such small sustenance! Mrs. Hall, collaborating with her husband through the forty years of his editorship of *The Art Journal,* and Mrs. Barbauld, adding to her large original work the editing of fifty volumes of the best English novels, show a like industry with better results.

If, again, as others say, genius is shown by the pioneer entrance into new fields of thought and action, then such a woman as Lydia Maria Child must surely have a place among those distinguished for translating the inventive faculty into literature. Pioneer she was in so many ways—writing the first anti-slavery book; initiating the first series of travel and art letters from a great city; among the first to write novels using home material; starting the first children's magazine in the United States; becoming one of the first woman editors of other than a "Ladies'" magazine in her work for *The Anti-Slavery Standard;* and most original of all, writing the first comparative study of religions

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published in this country, and one of the first published in the world from the standpoint of rational thought; and this from a stock of learning so small as to make the venture as audacious as it was provocative of thought in the better equipped students of her time. Nor must it be forgotten that in the very beginning of what may be called American literature Margaret Fuller founded the first quarterly published in this country in the interest of philosophy; and added other pioneer contributions as literary editor of *The Tribune* under Horace Greeley to what was the spring-time growth of intellectual life in the United States; besides proving herself the great improvisatrice of her day in conversation as an art. In fiction, the success of women in introducing new subject-matter is proof of their preëminence in at least one form of originality. Aphra Behn herself, the first woman in England to earn her living by her pen and made worthy of her burial in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey more by that fact than by the lasting value of her works, held the stage by her dramas so long chiefly because they in some degree initiated that realistic school which Jane Austen first made commanding and respected as a new type of story-telling. Many women writers of all the leading nations have carried on this adventurous spirit and shown high gifts in the imaginative treatment of the actual and the commonplace. This was the master quality in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novels, the most popular of which, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* attested also woman's tendency toward the dramatic presentation of great moral ideals. The practical nature of women and their deep religious earnestness have often made them servants of their time, as was Mrs. Stowe, in ways that of themselves sometimes dwarf permanent results in literature and art. For example, Jane Grey Swisshelm, with intellectual power and business ability to found and maintain an influential newspaper in the days when many women could not read or write, used much of her strength in defending her anti-slavery propaganda against the mobs that opposed her, and later in nursing soldiers of the Civil War, and thus in all her life became a type of the numberless professional women who waver perpetually between social reform and intellectual achievement. Such devotion to duty, if not inimical to genius, harnesses it too early

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to hard labor for full development of "frolic fancy" or of calm contemplation.

"Talent," says Lowell, "is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." If genius, even in its lesser ranges, be this irresistible pressure toward some unique self-expression, then women cannot be left out of the charmed circle; especially when we remember Helen Hunt with her solitary but wide approach to love and life, and Emily Dickinson, that hermit thrush among poets. Nor can those unique interpreters of art and literature among women whose vital expression has so enhanced the works of genius as to make them seem new creations, be left out of the count. In modern times, the growing company of musicians, some of them composers, and the artists of pen and brush, and the sculptors among women who swell the secondary ranks of genius in numbers and in power, must have increasing recognition.

All this, however, does not reach the deepest considerations involved in taking account of the intellectual contribution of women to art, science, philosophy and affairs. Whatever may be the reasons in nature for the lower level of women along these lines of man's greatest achievement, there are the gravest reasons in circumstance for the comparatively meagre showing. In addition to the handicap of lack of education, a handicap which no exceptional success of the self-made man or woman can off-set for the majority of the talented, there is a no less important deprivation which all women have suffered in the past and most women now suffer. This deprivation is that of the informal but highly stimulating training which the good fellowship of their chosen guild of study and of service gives to men, but which is denied for the most part even to professional women. For example, women have been in the medical profession for a considerable time, and have obtained high distinction in it. They have won just recognition from many influential doctors of the other sex. Yet they can hardly be said to have entered the inner circle of their clan. They may stop to dinner at medical conventions, it is true, provided they make no fuss about smoking and do not mind being in the minority; but there are few men, even in that enlightened group, who can so sink sex-consciousness in profes-

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sional comradeship as either to give or get the full social value that might be gained from a mixed company of like vocation. The women lawyers and members of the clergy are in even smaller minority, and hence suffer still more from that embarrassment of "the exception" which prevents easy and familiar association. In the teaching profession, where the relative numbers of the sexes are reversed, there is often more adequate professional intercourse; but the woman college professor, or college president, is still that one among many whose reception into her special class, even if courteous and friendly, is too formal and occasional for real guild fellowship.

In addition to these handicaps must be named the well-known but scarcely adequately measured interruptions to both study and self-expression which the women of talent and specialized power have always experienced. Anyone can see that to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on the knee in the kitchen, with constant calls to cooking and other details of housework to punctuate the paragraphs, was a more difficult achievement than to write it at leisure in a quiet room. And when her biographer says of an Italian woman poet, "during some years her Muse was intermitted," we do not wonder at the fact when he casually mentions her ten children. No record, however, can even name the women of talent who were so submerged by child-bearing and its duties, and by "general housework," that they had to leave their poems and stories all unwritten. Moreover, the obstacles to intellectual development and achievement which marriage and maternity interpose (and which are so important that they demand a separate study) are not the only ones that must be noted. It is not alone the fact that women have generally had to spend most of their strength in caring for others that has handicapped them in individual effort; but also that they have almost universally had to care wholly for themselves. Women even now have the burden of the care of their belongings, their dress, their home life of whatever sort it may be, and the social duties of the smaller world, even if doing great things in individual work. A successful woman preacher was once asked "what special obstacles have you met as a woman in the ministry?" "Not one," she answered, "except the lack of a minister's wife." When we read

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of Charles Darwin's wife not only relieving him from financial cares but seeing that he had his breakfast in his room, with "nothing to disturb the freshness of his morning," we do not find the explanation of Darwin's genius, but we do see how he was helped to express it. Men geniuses, even of second grade, have usually had at least one woman to smooth their way, and often several women to make sure that little things, often even self-support itself, did not interfere with the development and expression of their talent. On the other hand, the obligation of all the earlier women writers to prepare a useful cook-book in order to buy their way into literature, is a fitting symbol of the compulsion laid upon women, however gifted, to do all the things that women in general accomplish before entering upon their special task. That brave woman who wanted to study medicine so much that not even the heaviest family burdens could deter her from entering the medical school first opened to her sex, but who "first sewed steadily until her entire family was fitted with clothes to last six months," is a not unusual type.

Added to all this, the woman of talent and of special gifts has had until very lately, and in most countries has still, to go against the mass social pressure of her time in order to devote herself to any particular intellectual task. The expectation of society has long pushed men toward some special work; the expectation of society has until recently been wholly against women's choosing any vocation beside their functional service in the family. This is a far more intense and all-pervading influence in deterring women from success in intellectual work than is usually understood. Palissy the Potter is honored with a volume in the series on the Heroes of Industry. This is well; for his marked talent, his indomitable purpose pursued in poverty, his choice of inventive rather than of paying work, his final success after intense effort, all mark him as great in his devotion and in his gift to art. We note, however, that his family pay a heavy price for his choices in life; and when his wife objects to his burning up the baby's cradle and the kitchen table in that devouring furnace which has already consumed all their comforts, we are inclined to sympathize with her. She does not feel sure—as indeed how could she?—that Palissy will get the glaze he wants; but she sees

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clearly that the children are hungry and she cannot feed them. His biographer, however, is clearly of the opinion that men should be sustained in their heroic efforts to solve problems and make inventions; and Palissy himself has that conviction of society concerning the worth and righteousness of man's specialized effort to give tone to his ambition. This it is which makes him feel himself a hero and not merely a selfish man who neglects his family. No book has yet been written in praise of a woman who let her husband and children starve or suffer while she invented even the most useful things, or wrote books, or expressed herself in art, or evolved philosophic systems. On the contrary, the mildest approach on the part of a wife and mother, or even of a daughter or sister, to that intense interest in self-expression which has always characterized genius, has been met with social disapproval and until very recent times with ostracism fit only for the criminal. Hence her inner impulsion has needed to be strong indeed to make any woman devote herself to ideas.

In view of these tremendous obstacles, it is fair to assume that when women in the past have achieved even a second or third place in the ranks of genius they have shown far more native ability than men have needed to reach the same eminence. Not excused from the more general duties that constitute the cement of society, most women of talent have had but one hand free with which to work out their ideal conceptions. Denied, at cost of "respectability" itself, any expression of that obstinate egotism which is nature's protection of the genius in his special task, and in the preparation for it, they have had to make secret and painful experiments in self-expression after spending first strength in the commonplace tasks required of all their sex.

The genius is at once the most self-centred and the most universal of human beings. He sees only himself and the world of thought or of affairs he would master for his special work. All that lies between, family, friends, social groups, is but material for his elect service. Delight in his own personality, absorbed attention to the processes of his own mind, have made him generally the master shirker in respect to the ordinary duties of life. He has been often "ill to live with," and greedy in demand upon the support and care of others. He is so rare and precious, how-

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ever, that " with all his faults we love him still " when he enriches the commonwealth of thought, imagination or action with some new gift. But, alas, the " near " genius has too often the character frailties of the genuine great one without his power of achievement. We see therefore the social advantage of the poverty and hardships and lack of immediate appreciation which have so often weeded out from the lists, in advance, all but the giants in intellectual power. Seeing how many small people mistake their own strongly individualized taste for great talent, and feel justified in declining all disagreeable tasks of " menial " work on the plea of absorption in some form of effort which is mainly self-indulgence, we realize that nature has done well to discipline the would-be genius severely. The " artistic temperament " so often drops the final syllables to become mere vulgar " temper " that family life could not well bear the strain of greatly multiplying the type that for the most part only enjoys but does not produce masterpieces. But to suppress in wholesale fashion, and at the outset, all troublesome " variations " in women, while leaving men free to show what they can become and giving them besides a good chance to prove their quality, is to make that discipline too one-sided. The universal social pressure upon women to be all alike, and do all the same things, and to be content with identical restrictions, has resulted not only in terrible suffering in the lives of exceptional women, but also in the loss of unmeasured feminine values in special gifts. The Drama of the Woman of Genius has been too often a tragedy of misshapen and perverted power. Col. Higginson has said that one of the great histories yet to be written is that of the intellectual life of women. When that is accomplished, those truly great women whose initiative was choked by false ideals of feminine excellence, whose natures were turned awry for want of " space to burgeon out their powers," whose very purpose to " aggrandize the human mind by cultivating their own " was made a cross for their crucifixion, will be given just honor.

One woman of the nineteenth century might well hold the first place in such a record of the achievement and martyrdom of the woman of genius. Stepping out into the Western world from the dark shadows of Oriental subjection of her sex this

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woman of India, Anandabai Joshee, appeals to the future for her full recognition. And if Being and Doing ever come to rank with Thinking and Imagining and Discovering as marks of greatness, no list of the Immortals will be complete without her. The record of her life epitomizes and makes heroic that historic conflict in women's lives between social duty and personal idealism. A child wife at nine years of age; a child mother at fourteen, her baby's death making her determine to study medicine for the benefit of her countrywomen; at seventeen overcoming tremendous obstacles in order to carry out this purpose, which obliged her to become the first high-caste Hindu woman, still loyal to her inherited religion, to leave her country for a foreign land; at eighteen years entering upon her studies in the United States and showing marvellous powers of scholarly acquisition and still more marvellous breadth of mind and exaltation of moral nature; at twenty-one graduating from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, the first Hindu woman to take a medical degree in any country; and dying at twenty-two, just as she received her appointment as physician in charge of the Female Wards of Albert Edward Hospital in Kolhapur, India—her life reads like an incredible romance.

It has been said that although genius is so often allied to instability of character, we have in Darwin and in Shakespeare two examples of the wholly sane. In Dr. Joshee we have another; one whose mental power was so exceptional that it could bridge the chasms between centuries of intellectual development and continents of racial difference to make itself at home in the Anglo-Saxon civilization, whose finest fruits were so quickly made her own; and yet one whose gentle, unselfish, loving spirit showed no flaw in most intimate association. Writing to friends in America just before her voyage, she said: "When I think over the sufferings of women in India I am impatient to see the Western light dawn as the harbinger of emancipation." In that spirit of world-citizenship, without giving up her ancient faith, she so enlarged and purified it that she was able to say: "I have nothing to despise; the whole Universe is a lesson to me." When, before leaving India, she was urged by all who loved her not to undertake so perilous a venture, she calmly replied: "I am sure noth-

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ing will harm me, or if it does it will be for my good." Addressing a great multitude of her wondering fellow-country people on the eve of sailing, in answer to the question, " Why should you do what is not done by any of your sex? " she made the answer that might well become the formula to justify all exceptional service —" Because society has a right to our work as individuals." Yet this woman, so rare in heroism and in mental and moral power that there are few to place beside her, declared her intention " to live and die a faithful Hindu wife." Knowing what that meant in personal subserviency and in chilling repression, her biographer declares that Dr. Joshee's untimely death was due most of all to this attempt to do the impossible, to be a servant in the home and a social leader in the community. However this may be, and with all due tribute to her husband's devotion and willingness for her to live the larger life, it must be true that the hurtful conditions of Hindu wifehood had already sapped the strength of Dr. Joshee before she left India; and the unique loyalty that made her seek to return to her caste restrictions while carrying the torch of enlightenment to her sisters in India entailed a double burden too heavy for her frail body. What women of less heroic mould, and in more favored circumstances, have suffered in the effort to do all that their world expected of them and also something of what their own inner natures demanded—and that toll of suffering is long and heavy indeed—Dr. Joshee embodied in the pathos and in the sublimity of her unique experience.

In this country of free opportunity, and in this time, when to work one's own way to one's own ends is so much easier for women than ever before, it is in the life and work of such a woman as Anandabai Joshee that we perceive the full significance of the Drama of the Woman of Genius.

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THE ART OF J. M. SYNGE

DARRELL FIGGIS

THERE is a fashion of scenery in the West of Ireland of a kind peculiarly apart. A road, may be, will be running like an irregular ribbon of gray over a desolate scene, losing itself in a gray horizon, threading its journey painfully enough through a landscape of brown forbidding bog. Even to the very margin of the road will the bog encroach, making it seem as though it were poised over abysms. Not a tree stabs the skyline, or lends distinction to the landscape. Where the turf has been cut away, brown puddles gleam purple as they reflect the sweeping mists and clouds. If there is a habitation of man in sight it will not relieve the brooding passion of the scene. A cottage of stone at best, with an enclosure of coal-black soil furrowed for seed and hardly won from the morass, it falls into the formless unity of the visible universe. Such a scene has no distinction, yet it is passionate with temperament. It holds out no details for the eye to fasten on. It is one large, brooding gesture of magnificence, psychic and strange. The very hills are merged in the gesture. One could imagine it rising to a very fury of energy, but that it does not do so.

Such is his country; such was the man Synge; and of such a sort was his work, for, do what he will, a man cannot make his work other than an effluence of himself. He was a man in whom the very energy of thought turned to brooding, even as in his work the very energy of dramatic instinct achieved results that evade the more obvious meanings of the word dramatic. He was of a type of Irishman that, though pronounced enough in the race, has received but little heed in a day that clutches for the obvious. His very furling himself in undemonstrative emotion was the cry of greatness that sought a friendship that could not be granted it. That he was a peaceful man did not belie the earnestness of his Nationalist conviction: it flowed from the

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very strength of it. His resolution raised him above demonstration. There was something of a contempt for the opposite side in it infinitely more scorching than a fury of words. If greatness be magnificence rather than eccentricity, he was supremely great. Like the landscapes he strode over, not in the manner of an alien waif of humanity, but as a very part of them, merged in them, he was not particularly distinct but vitally characteristic.

From a passage of his account of his life while on the Aran Islands a phase of this side of him comes out, casting strangely significant lights right and left in elucidation of much. "It was one of the dark sultry nights peculiar to September," he says, "with no light anywhere except the phosphorescence of the sea, and an occasional rift in the clouds that showed the stars behind them. The sense of solitude was immense. I could not see or realize my own body, and I seemed to exist merely in my perception of the waves and the crying of birds, and of the smell of seaweed." That he should have spoken of himself on a crucial event near the end of his days as reading Spinoza is significant; but philosophies do not make a man; a man weaves his philosophy from his temperament, or loves that philosophy his soul inclines to. Self is itself; and the September night on Aran Islands was before Spinoza.

Nor was he the less himself because he "seemed to exist merely in the perception of the waves and the crying of birds, and of the smell of seaweed." It is a poor philosophy that sees individuality only in irritability. Spontaneity is the breath of being. And it was because he was spontaneous that mood flowed into mood in him, and emotion succeeded emotion, till in the very quiescence of vital self he passed into a large unity that seemed only perception. Such a temperament will seem little likely to achieve the clash and oppugnancy of dramatic art; and indeed it was the cause of the chiefest difficulty in his drama, a difficulty that happens to be its chiefest beauty.

It was an extraordinarily fine instinct in Mr. Yeats that sent Synge to the Aran Islands. It might almost be said that they were waiting to cradle him, and wean him to artistic maturity. His art derives from nothing but himself; but so much does he

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owe those far islands in the Atlantic that, however much one clings to the conviction that the soul of man is its own sufficiency for the greatness of his utterance, it seems difficult to imagine how he could ever have won to artistic speech in any other surroundings. That the Aran Islands should have provided him with the scene for one play, and given him the plot for another, is a small matter. They bred his soul; they fed him with their own great silences; they sang him the music of speech to which his soul responded with the shout of discovery; they found him the cadence he cried for; they steeped his mind in an atmosphere that ever thereafter marked all things he did. His artistic soul came to them a starveling; it went out a grown man in full vigor of health.

Many instances of this could be adduced. Let two examples be sufficient, seeing that they accord with two distinctive characteristics of his work.

He says of the people of Aran: "The direct sexual instincts are not weak on the island, but they are so subordinated to the instincts of the family that they rarely lead to irregularity. The life here is still at an almost patriarchal stage, and the people are nearly as far from the romantic moods of love as they are from the impulsive life of the savage." He is indeed speaking of the people of Aran; but he might well be characterizing his own plays. The roots of both alike are in very homely earth; they both alike have little affinity with the stars. In one of his poems he passes in review all the great Queens of romance; and adds sardonically:

> Yet they are rotten—I ask their pardon—
> And we've the sun on rock and garden.

In another he regards even the mythology of Ireland, so sacred to the comrades in art with whom he worked, and sings:

> Adieu, Sweet Angus, Maeve and Fand,
> Ye plumed yet skinny Shee,
> That poets played with hand in hand
> To learn their ecstasy.

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We'll stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch,
And drink in Tubber fair,
Or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch
The badger and the hare.

It even becomes an art creed, for, disavowing exaltation for his poetry, he says: "It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal"; and the mind of the reader inevitably goes back to the Aran mother laughing and mocking at her daughter writhing with the toothache.

Yet if the strength of the earth be characteristic of Synge's work there is another characteristic that links with it, which no less recalls the Isle of Aran. It is a strange and mystic sense of doom that broods over all his dramas, even though it be a comedy like *The Well of the Saints*. Like a background of tragical intensity it is never absent from his work: an impersonal pain significant of impending terror. And one remembers what he himself has written of the keening of the women of Aran: "This grief of the keen is no personal complaint for the death of one woman of over eighty years, but seems to contain the whole passionate rage that lurks somewhere in every native of the island. In this cry of pain the inner consciousness of the people seems to lay itself bare for an instant, and to reveal the mood of beings who feel their isolation in the face of a universe that wars on them with wind and seas." Or again, as he speaks with men fishing after having come from a funeral, he says: "I could not help feeling that I was talking with men who were under a judgment of death." The deep sense of doom, or, as he expresses it elsewhere, a "Desolation that is mixed everywhere with the supreme beauty of the world," is never absent from him. It winds in the very cadence of his speech.

It was such a man that the Isle of Aran shaped for work. Even though it be true that he colored the inhabitants with something of his own brooding intensity, the deeper truth is that they waked this mood in him to artistic realization by the touch of affinity. They made it musical in him; and gave it a voice to speak by.

When he turned to dramatic work it was to frame a story he had heard told at Inishmaan into a play. But it was to frame

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it in the light of a rich discovery. He himself protested later that when he was writing *The Shadow of the Glen* he "got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen." Yet it was Inishmaan and Aranmore that gave him to know that the speech of servant girls and ballad women in Ireland mattered very essentially in his art. A flaming richness of imagination, a haunting and beautiful cadence and construction of speech, they gave him, that under his hands swelled to new harmonies of lovely music. It is not that all tramps between Kerry and Mayo speak as Christy Mahon speaks. It is even likely that a good number would repudiate it—Pegeen Mike herself was amazed at it. But, if they did so, it would be the handling of the instrument they would repudiate, not the instrument itself.

When on the great Blasket, off the coast of Kerry, Synge once took the violin from the island fiddler and played on it for the people to dance to, they were not so happy to his playing as they were to the fiddler they knew; but the fiddler himself recognized the abler player. He saw that whereas he only used the poor middle of his bow Synge utilized the full sweep; and that where his wrist was stiff, and therefore his strokes disjointed, Synge's wrist was supple and his strokes mellow in their flow one upon another. Even so it was in the matter of language. An example may serve, for there are two accurate idioms of speech very much on the tongue of the people of the West; and both express the sense of time with extraordinary precision. In answer to such a question as "How's the health?" the reply may perhaps come, "Faith, I'm after having the Influence," or "I'm well presently, thank God!" The immediate past or the immediate moment (not, be it noted, the corrupt English usage, dating, it may be, from some fatal tendency to procrastination in the race) is thus expressed sharply. But in Synge's idiom there is no sharpness, all is mellow and musical. How then does he manipulate the above usages? The result is noteworthy; for the "presently" is virtually abolished, while the "after" is drawn into the cadence and stripped

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of its sharpness. It is scarcely to be detected, whereas in the people it is very easily detected. The mellow movement of the master hand has made a richer music echo from the instrument, but the instrument is no less the same as the people used for their simpler purposes. So truly identical is it that it is impossible to recite it comfortably without using the brogue of the people.

This very fact, that he should thus have turned the occasional sharpness of distinction into mellowness of movement, is strangely significant. It accords fitly with the mood of the man, and the landscapes he stirred in, even as it strikes the dominant note of his plays. The customary conception of the dramatic in art and life is just this of sharpness, of sharpness even to antithesis. Lear standing watching his daughter, as Regan goes over and takes Goneril's hand—that seems the thought of dramatic tragedy; not an old woman keening over a turf-fire. But *Riders to the Sea* is of a new order of tragedy altogether. It is, perhaps, not so much tragedy as a fragment of life set in the atmosphere of tragedy. Even as there is not water in a mist of the hills because it is all moisture, so there is not tragedy in *The Riders to the Sea* because it is all tragical. It does not, like *Macbeth,* open in hope and wind to a disaster that falls like a shock; its opening note is conceived in gloom, the movement passes in intensity of gloom, concluding with the scanty relief of hopelessness. We know, and are vitally interested in, Macbeth, and his tragedy is poignant to us with a sense of personal loss. But we do not know Maurya thus. She is not a person to us. She is the soul of a mother set before a cliff of terror. We shudder for all mothers of Aran in her, whereas "Out, out, brief candle!" comes to us from a man whose magnificence won us.

The interest is the interest of a situation, in the wider meaning of the word. And when Maurya comes in slowly, with the undelivered bundle of bread in her hand, and sits over the turf-fire keening softly, the whole situation narrows and sharpens to intensity. When, in answer to her daughter's impatient query "Did you see Bartley?" she replies, "I seen the fearfullest thing," the senses sharpen to expectation of the doom the very

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opening words of the play struck. And this is how it arrives:

NORA. Tell us what it is you seen.

MAURYA. I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. [*She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes.*] The Son of God spare us, Nora!

CATHLEEN. What is it you seen?

MAURYA. I seen Michael itself.

CATHLEEN. [*Speaking softly.*] You did not, Mother. It wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far North, and he's got a clean burial, by the grace of God.

MAURYA. [*A little defiantly.*] I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare, and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "the blessing of God on you" says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

CATHLEEN. [*Begins to keen.*] It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

With that the situation widens to the conclusion, and therewith Synge makes the only mistake in the play. For the intensity having once been released, it will not be possible to sharpen it again. Thus when the women come in and kneel and keen, and Bartley's body is brought in, the failure of the mind to respond to the horror it has already passed through so shrewdly and so sharply, makes their grief seem overwrought. It is Maurya who, dramatically, saves the situation. She brings the whole action on the lower plane of tragical resignation, saying, as she sprinkles the body with Holy Water: "It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll be having now, and a great sleeping in the long night after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and may be a fish that do be

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stinking." Six sons, a husband, and a father-in-law, has the sea taken in toll from her; and the fulness of sorrow is its own relief. Her closing words are: "No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied."

With the exception of its one fault, the fault of a part that is strained, the play is a complete and perfect movement from start to finish, moving through its action like a foamless roller. The deftest skill of the intelligent craftsman is necessary to ensure this, hidden away though it be in the excellence of its own workmanship. Turf for the fire, in one place, Michael's clothes in another, the ominous white boards and the forgotten cake in Maurya's hand, all keep the movement in flow past awkward places till its course is accomplished. And it is worthy of note that they each and all come to be symbols of doom, being thus not only aids to the movement, but heightening, moreover, and intensifying, the very cause and tragical color of its being.

The interest of his earlier play too, *The Shadow of the Glen,* is that of a situation. The outward interest, what may be called the plot, is that of a man who, doubting his wife's fidelity, feigns death so as to discover her. Such was the story as Synge had it told him in Inishmaan. In his hands, however, an inner interest appears, and, as one may almost expect, it is the interest of a soul. Even as in *Riders to the Sea,* so here too, the atmosphere is in business to aid this interest. There the atmosphere was heavy with tragedy and poignant with eternal suffering; here it is gloomy with loneliness and isolation, even to oppression. And so the secret of Nora Burke is unlocked. We do not know her in any personal sense; but we see the soul of a young woman hungry for living. Her husband is old, and can find nothing congenial for her. There are no cottages near hers in the glen that is too often heavy with mists to the blotting out of the sun and all brightness. It all oppresses her; and life is slipping away from her. So that when Patch Darcy passes to and fro she looks for his coming gladly, to engage words with him; and when Patch Darcy goes she turns to Michael Dara the herd.

Outer and inner interests develop together aptly and unobtrusively so that when the mock dead man rises and bids her

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begone out of his house we are not surprised to hear the tramp invite her to go forth and taste the world with him. "You'll not be getting your death with myself, lady of the house," says he, "and I knowing all the ways a man can put food in his mouth. . . . . We'll be going now, I'm telling you, and the time you'll be feeling the cold, and the frost, and the great rain, and the sun again, and the south wind blowing in the glens, you'll not be sitting up on a wet ditch, the way you're after sitting in this place, making yourself old with looking on each day, and it passing you by. You'll be saying one time 'It's a grand evening, by the grace of God,' and another time, 'It's a wild night, God help us; but it'll pass, surely.'" Or: "Come along with me now, lady of the house, and it's not my blather you'll be hearing only, but you'll be hearing the herons crying over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm; and it's not from the likes of them you'll be hearing a tale of getting old like Peggy Cavanagh, and losing the hair off you, and the sight of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear."

We are not surprised to hear the invitation. We are scarcely perplexed at seeing her go. Our interest goes with her, rather, for she goes to a hard life, yet to Life and the glory of the Earth. Such is drama indeed, but drama as it has not hitherto been known. It does not so much progress to a catastrophe as it moves and passes away in music. The action, what action there be, does not break into dramatic detail; it broods in the very spirit of dramatic intensity. It is like a Galway landscape: temperamental but not distinctive; too temperamental to be distinctive.

In his Preface to *The Tinker's Wedding* Synge has something to say in direct criticism of drama; and it is perhaps not too much to say that there is more of the matter of substantial criticism in his few passing comments than is to be discovered in much dialectical analysis, for he strikes to the grand first principles of drama. There he ranks drama with the symphony, claiming that it is the function of neither to "teach or prove any-

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thing." Since the criticism of creative genius is ever the outer earthwork of its own citadel, this short preface, with its sweeping aside of "analysts with their problems and teachers with their systems," and its analogy of drama to symphony, becomes doubly significant. He goes on, however, to speak of the necessity of humor in drama; and therewith his criticism comes more closely home to himself. For as one recalls Falstaff's open mouthful of laughter, or Molière's subtle laughter of the mind, it will be wondered what fashion of humor so brooding and passionate a mind as Synge's will produce. And, surely enough, what the mind might guess the fact achieves. For the result is so deeply sardonic as nearly to overleap humor into the further deeps of actual tragedy. In *The Tinker's Wedding* the boisterous conclusion thwarts this, but in *The Well of the Saints* it is manifest throughout. It is not that the humor is touched with tears; the richest humor is often thus. It is rather that the blade of the dramatist searches too deeply into the very secrets of living. It seems sometimes as though the dramatist's energy of thought swept him past his artistic intention, calling into question the very richness of the things he praises so rarely at other times. It is not the less valuable for this. It is perhaps more valuable; it is certainly more estimable if the business of Art be the unfurling and perpetuation of great minds.

The initial picture of two wrinkled, ugly, stunted beggars, blind, and therefore each deluded by the countryside into esteeming the other as the final consummation of male and female beauty, has itself gleams of tragedy in it. When the Saint restores their sight to them and they come to look on one another amazedly, each reviling the other shrewdly and harshly, after their late deep contentment in each other, it is not only tragical in itself, it cuts at very life. Nor does the next act relieve the pain. In truth, it drives the blade yet deeper home, for both husband and wife are not only separate, but, being no longer blind, are made to labor early and late for the hardest of fares. There is humor in it all, notwithstanding; and how shrewdly the humor cuts may be seen from the complaint of Timmy the Smith (Martin's master now) that since they received back their sight "it's a qu'er thing the way yourself and

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Mary Doul are after setting every person in the place, and beyond to Rathvanna, talking of nothing, and thinking of nothing, but the way they do be looking in the face."

It is the third act that lifts the stern irony from the humor, leaving it whimsical and strangely beautiful. It is the only instance in Synge's work of the laughter that moves in the mind to tenderness. They are blind again, are these two; and though each is glad to have the other back on their old begging site, they revile each other. Then the beauty dawns through the darkness. For he bids her remember what she saw when she looked "into a well, or a clear pool, may be, when there was no wind stirring and a good light in the sky." And she replies: "I'm minding that surely, for if I'm not the way the liars were saying below I seen a thing in them pools that put joy and blessing in my heart." Still he reviles her; and then comes this passage, hard to rival, in or out of Synge, in modern drama.

MARTIN DOUL. If it's not lies you're telling would you have me think you're not a wrinkled poor woman is looking like three scores, may be, or two scores and a half?

MARY DOUL. I would not, Martin. [*She leans forward earnestly.*] For when I seen myself in them pools, I seen my hair would be gray or white, may be, in a short while, and I seen with it that I'd a face would be a great wonder when it'll have soft hair falling around it, the way when I'm an old woman there won't be the like of me surely in the seven counties of the East.

MARTIN DOUL. [*With real admiration.*] You're a cute thinking woman, Mary Doul, and it's no lie.

MARY DOUL. [*Triumphantly.*] I am, surely, and I'm telling you a beautiful white-haired woman is a grand thing to see, for I'm told when Kitty Bawn was selling poteen below, the young men itself would never tire to be looking in her face.

MARTIN DOUL. [*Taking off his hat and feeling his head, speaking with hesitation.*] Do you think to look, Mary Doul, would there be a whiteness the like of that coming upon me?

MARY DOUL. [*With extreme contempt.*] On you, God help you! . . . In a short while you'll have a head on you as bald as an old turnip you'd see rolling round in the muck. You need

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never talk again of your fine looks, Martin Doul, for the day of that talk's gone for ever.

MARTIN DOUL. That's a hard word to be saying, for I was thinking if I'd a bit of comfort, the like of yourself, it's not far off we'd be from the good days went before, and that'd be a wonder surely. But I'll never rest easy, thinking you're a gray beautiful woman, and myself a pitiful show.

MARY DOUL. I can't help your looks, Martin Doul. It wasn't myself made with your rat's eyes, and your big ears, and your griseldy chin.

MARTIN DOUL. [*Rubs his chin ruefully, then beams with delight.*] There's one thing you've forgot, if you're a cute-thinking woman itself.

And then he imagines himself "in a short while" with "a beautiful, long white, silken, streaming beard, you wouldn't see the like of in the eastern world." As the "good days" of delusion and "great talking" return, the irony is there, but gentle. When the Saint returns to give back their sight, and they will none of it, the humor grows sardonical again, relieved though it be by boisterousness.

If *Riders to the Sea* is Synge's loftiest achievement, *The Well of the Saints* is the most human. And even as these touch one pole and another, so is the famous *Playboy of the Western World* his greatest, and *Deirdre of the Sorrows,* despite some strange faults, his most beautiful. But *The Well of the Saints* and *The Playboy of the Western World* stand in a manner of illuminative relation one to the other. For while the first is energetic and distinctive in a way strange with him, the latter is brooding and temperamental in a way wholly his own. It is as though coming from the lofty passion of *Riders to the Sea* he had struck out in a sudden advent of sardonic humor and then relapsed again into the brooding imagination of *The Playboy.*

Once again a dramatic situation in the history of a soul passes before us in musical movements. In *The Shadow of the Glen* it had been the cramped hungry soul of a young wife; now it is the swathed soul of a youth strangely learning his own

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value. He had grown up under a harsh father's control, to reckon himself a fool and worthless. His father genuinely thought it so; and he accepts it so. But one day, provoked to excess, he lifts his loy and strikes his father working in the fields, stunning him. No sooner is the blow struck, however, than his old-timed pusillanimity asserts itself, and he flees in terror, thinking himself a murderer.

Yet to this there is added the crisis in another's soul: the soul of a young girl impatient at the littleness of life around her. When Christy Mahon enters her father's shebeen, terrified to think his crime discovered, the vigor of the deed strikes on her imagination with the glowing sense of color. It is no matter of moralities with her; the insistent fact is that here was a man capable of a divine fury of soul, a man that therefore put to shame the male kind about her, her betrothed especially. Her glory in his virility glows about Christy like a summer sun, and he swells to her estimation of him, the swathings dropping away from his soul. He discovers himself. He is pitted by her against the countryside; and he beats them all at their sports. He becomes the Playboy of the Western World; and Pegeen Mike's accepted lover.

Then his father returns, and the old terror comes back on him, whereas Pegeen turns from him seeing his deed now as not virile at all, but only cowardly. Yet he is not wholly what he once was. It is with some passion that he says, "If you're after making a mighty man of me this day by the power of a lie, you're setting me to think if it's a poor thing to be lonesome, it's worse, may be, to go mixing with the fools of the earth." He strikes his father again with a loy to win back his heroic halo about him; but to Pegeen now this is merely sordid. "I'll say a strange man is a marvel, with his mighty talk," says she; "but what's a squabble in your backyard, and the blow of a loy, have taught me that there's a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed." But they cannot fend his discovery of himself. When his doughty parent appears yet again he goes out with him, now the master of the two, telling the company, "you've turned me a likely gaffer in the end of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to

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the dawning of the Judgment Day." He leaves Pegeen to lament that he is indeed the only Playboy of the Western World.

The Playboy is thus not alone a well-nigh faultless play; its deeper interest is that it chances to be the play in which Synge most fully found himself. The situation of a soul finding itself, caused his brooding genius to expand itself to the fullest. All the music of speech that he had learned from Aran to Wicklow strikes its richest harmonies as Christy's tongue learns its own power. It is thus he says: "It's well you know it's a lonesome thing to be passing small towns with the light shining sideways when the night is down, or going in strange places with a dog noising before you and a dog noising behind, or drawn to the cities where you'd hear a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch, and you passing on with an empty stomach failing from your heart." It is thus the eloquence of love comes on his lips: "It's little you'll think if my love's a poacher's or an earl's itself, when you'll feel my two hands stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome in His golden chair." It is thus, when Pegeen turns from him, he cries out on her that, "There's torment in the splendor of her like, and she a girl any moon of midnight would take pride to meet, facing southward on the heaths of Keel. But what did I want crawling forward to scorch my understanding at her flaming brow?" In the Preface he says that "in a good play every speech should be as fully flavored as a nut or an apple." But it is not always nor often that a soul could feel such ecstasy in it as to swell to such music as this. The mood in Christy Mahon called out the utmost in Synge, and that mood was one of adventurous imagination.

It is not only in speech, however, that *The Playboy* excels. Its craftsmanship is of the deftest. The lurking figure of his father in the second and third acts seems only to be a preparation for his final entrance. It is that; but it is more also. It carries the movement forward past awkward gaps with extraordinary skill. The result is that the whole thing swells to its conclusion without a ruffle, one mood or movement passing into and becoming part of another in a manner strangely akin

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to the mind of a man himself. It and he are one in a peculiar sense.

The same skill of craftsmanship does not mark *Deirdre of the Sorrows*. Doubtless this was because he died at work on it, and therefore it may not be estimated as a finished piece of work. As it stands, however, the charge holds good. The fault is the worse since it occurs at the very crisis. That Deirdre should beg Conchubar for life for Naisi and herself despite the fact that she urged their return from Alban, fearful that Naisi's love for her should fail and desirous of a death together to frustrate this, might have been covered by a hint of frailty in her, however little likely it might seem. But that, after Naisi has been done to death, she should wail over his body, speaking in prospect of a long life of miserable retrospect, is unforgivable. For we know she is to die at her own hand. And we feel she is being kept alive till Fergus and Conchubar return to witness her death, and Emain is burnt. Since the passage of time is not only markedly artificial, but harrowing and painful moreover, rebellion is stirred in the reader or witness. The conclusion is ruined despite the high mood wherewith Deirdre goes to her death. The less easily is this to be understood since in the second act Synge displays his dramatic sense at its highest. When Deirdre comes out of her tent and hears Naisi confess to Fergus the possibility that love may fail in him, the situation is critical not only for her, but for the dramatist. A lesser dramatist would have made her withdraw; and when subsequently she urges their return to Emain the appeal would have been to irony. Not so Synge! He lets Naisi know she has overheard him. He takes the sterner task on him, directing the emotion with all the facts known, making the appeal to stark strength of dialogue.

It is a beautiful scene this, the most beautiful in all the slender volume of his work. Deirdre chooses death rather than a withering of love, and thereby love is approved in her. "There are as many ways to wither love," she says, "as there are stars in a night of Samhain." "It's a long time we've had, pressing the lips together, going up and down, resting in our arms, Naisi, waking with the smell of June in the tops of the

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grass and listening to the birds in the branches that are highest. . . . It's a long time we've had, but the end has come, surely." It chastens as the highest beauty ever chastens, and thereto the style is chastened and exalted. He who bade adieu to Angus, Maeve and Fand, to drink in Tubber Fair, was won at length by the higher beauty. He gave it the strength of earth to glory in, while it gave him an exaltation that purged. That the product should be marred at its finish is a pity of pities, for the interest of the psychic demands attention to the end. Had Synge lived such a complaint would not have had cause.

It is permitted to none to rule the future, or to coerce its will. To the Artist his Art is largely its own end, and the making of Beauty an abundant recompense. Yet in this very making of Beauty he lays hold on Eternity; and, except for such mortal accidents as buried Blake for a while, the Maker of Beauty, so it be Beauty, does indeed hold the ages in his fist. Therefore in asking if the Art of J. M. Synge will abide, the question is not if it be clever or forceful, analytical or brilliant, but merely one of the final appeals of Beauty. And by such an appeal there seems little question in the matter. For he brooded on Beauty: the very pages of his prose topography are alive with it. He brooded on the soul of Man: even when describing the inhabitants of Aran, Wicklow or Kerry, he does not paint externals, he conveys essences; he does not describe pictures, he carries atmospheres and moods through the mind. He was not one to spring to energy; he brooded in peace. And if sometimes his brooding conveys a sense of utter desolation, it is a "desolation that is mixed everywhere with the supreme beauty of the world." Such a mood does not achieve a bulk of work. Moreover, he died young. But he found his soul; he found Beauty; and he found the Art that could enable him to express one in terms of the other.

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ILLUMINATION

SADA LOUISE COWAN

TO-MORROW I am to be operated upon. To-morrow . . . only thirteen hours more. I look at the white-washed walls, the hospital bed, the ugly bare room and wonder if I shall ever look upon them again after to-day.

It is an odd sensation sitting here quite alone, a prisoner; watching the moments slip by, wondering and fearing. My thoughts are ugly. The doctor has just left me. He smiled as he stroked my hand reassuringly: "You are not afraid, little Lady, I have seen your courage before."

God . . . if only he knew! Afraid? Oh, a thousand times worse than afraid. Rebellious, bitterly, passionately rebellious. My life hangs on a thread. Even the doctor dreads the coming of to-morrow.

But more than all the fear, doubt and uncertainty is a feeling of hatred, a deep hatred of myself. For I have wasted my life. Ill, morbid and unhappy for years I have had but one desire: to die. How often have the words risen to my lips: "Oh, if only this were the end!"

I have found happiness nowhere. My being was tuned in a minor key and I never knew how to live. I looked back upon the past with regret, almost remorse; I looked upon the future with grave misgiving. And all the while life . . . pulsing and vibrant . . . was slipping past me and I was quite unheeding. I believed that I was sincere when I said that I wanted to die. I believed that the turbulent unsatisfied craving within me was a longing for rest, whereas it was but an intense desire for life; for life as I had never known it; for all that had passed me by.

I have just looked at my watch. Another hour has gone. How fast the second hand flies around! Does life really spend itself as quickly as all that? There . . . I have broken the glass. I did not mean to do it. I wanted only to put my finger on that taunting bit of steel. It tells me that I am beaten . . . life is going . . . going . . . and I have never lived. Oh, the

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monotonous ticking, the agonizing reminder! Now it is still, and I am glad. Let it lie there—broken. There is nothing to show me now how fast the hours are fleeing and how soon. . . . Ugh! The thought stifles me. It is as if I already felt the mask upon my face and the cool drops of the narcotic trickling upon my skin. I shall never wake up out of that sleep. . . I know it. And yet it is not fear that I am experiencing.

It is curious that this sudden insight into life and into the value of the moment has been given to me when it is too late to make use of it. I would know how to live now. I close my eyes and feel the sun upon me. It thrills and quickens me. It never thrilled before. I took it quite for granted, just as I took the green of the grass, the odor of flowers and all the wonders of nature as a matter of course and as something which needed no consideration. A strain of music, the sound of a friend's voice, the look in love's eyes, all filled me with sadness, never with joy. Invariably there remained something unsatisfied within me. Fool . . . ! I lived in constant search of . . . I knew not what.

Now, in this moment of illumination, I have learned to hate the past; to loathe memories. They are as so many parasites, clinging, choking, killing. There is something inexplicably cruel about a memory. It is an acknowledgment that one is beaten; that the present is a retrogradation and holds less than that which has gone before. It means that one has learned resignation. Resignation . . . ? That is something I shall never know. Never . . . ? Ah, I speak again as though life were before me; as though the whole wonderful future were mine in which to prove the beauty of what I have at last learned. And my secret is just this: Life is but a series of moments and each moment must be drained of all that it has to give. *No past, no future can ever make up for a wasted present.* And this is the crime for which I cannot forgive myself. For I have always wasted the present, with my gaze fixed upon the days that had gone and the days that were to come.

I wonder what time it is? I must have fallen asleep. It is almost dark. I should like to know how many hours more I have before. . . . I hear footsteps in the hall. They are near-

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ing my door. Are they coming for me already? No . . . no . . . impossible! Oh, how nervous I am.

It was one of the Sisters bringing me a sleeping draught for the night. I am to take it now and when I wake up I . . . No, I shall not take it. I shall not waste my last few hours in sleep, even though sleep would strengthen and refresh me. I want to be conscious of each moment as it slips away from me. Then I shall at least have the satisfaction of having been once acutely alive, with all of my senses centred upon the instant as it passes; I shall at least learn how to live before I pass into the great Unknown.

I wonder if on the evening previous to an operation women always imagine that they are going to die. I rather think that they do. But the doctors have not hidden from me the danger of it all. It was best that I should know. There was so much which I might otherwise have left undone.

The Sister has left a bottle standing on my table. I wonder will she come back for it? I hope not. I want to be alone. I want to look up at the stars and at the moon, dreaming neither of the past nor of the future, yielding myself only to the full realization of the wonder of living. I draw in my breath and it quickens me. Oh, how glorious it is just to be alive! I touch my flesh and it is soft; my body is warm and throbbing with life . . . life. . . . Ah, when once more I am out in the world how . . . When! I had forgotten again.

Like a rat in a trap I lie here waiting for the morning to set me free or to end my agony, for this *is* agony. I am afraid to die; to lie cold, yellow and hideous, unable to feel, to think, to hear. And this is my punishment. I must drain the cup after which I have always thirsted. There is no turning away. I may cover my face with my hands and sob in my agony, still in the morning they will stand beside my bed and wait for. . . O God . . . I cannot! I am afraid. I want to live, I am too young to die. Footsteps again! How cold I am.

I wonder did I scream aloud then? A ray of sunlight fell across my face . . . the sky is bright, the birds are twittering on the boughs . . . the world is awake . . . the world is ALIVE. . . . Oh, give me the strength that I need, Great God. . . . The day has come!

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MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

In Which I Bequeath What a Man May To Those That Follow Him

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

I AM sure I have not had until this hour any proper spirit for will-making. I have been bound by the convention of wills. Under the spell of precedent I have conceived the will as a merely legal, rather than as an essentially human document. Being myself almost entirely human and scarcely at all legal, I have resented the limitations imposed by the traditional will-forms.

Having the common human desire to perpetuate my ego upon the earth by bequest, yet have I been unable to express that imperious impulse " according to the statutes made and provided," for the reason, no doubt, that I myself am not so. Guided by these inflexible statutes, I have made many attempts to project myself beyond the grave, unto my heirs and assigns forever, but each such attempt has failed.

I do not gainsay the value of these forms for the mere disposal of property. I decry them only as a medium for the expression of personality, oftentimes the chief value of a man in life. Indeed I am persuaded that my chief value to my fellows has been not in the amount of tangible property I have accumulated or distributed, but in my point of view toward its accumulation and distribution. This point of view is responsible for whatever of personality I may be said to have. If, as I have stated, this has seemed to be amongst all my possessions the one most valued by my associates in life, it seems reasonable to consider it the one they will prize most at my death. This being true, it will at the same time excuse my desire to perpetuate it and explain the necessity of using other than merely legal forms to express it.

The obvious purpose of a will is to leave one's intentions animate after one's body is no longer so—to extend the personal equation beyond the person. If one has been in life a kind of

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human mechanism, a possibly efficient but quite automatic unit in the social machinery, no doubt the rigidities of the merely legal will are a fit and sufficient expression for one's post-vital self, if indeed the term post-vital properly may be used to express the aftermath of what scarcely could have been called vital at any time.

But if one has conceived life as a tremendous adventure under the stars; has apprehended it not as a necessary routine but as a potential romance; has met the succession of days with expectancy rather than certitude; has lived a life compounded of great faiths and heresies, expectations and astonishments, and, on the whole, grave doubts of one's own exemption from error, then one well may pause before the difficulties presented by the uneasy traditions of will-making for the expression, to what may be eternity, of the fluid and flexible terms of one's mortality.

Life has been and is to me a strange compound of fluctuating humors and humanities, an arabesque of dreams, fulfilments, doubts and disillusionments, projected, sometimes dimly, upon a background where faith often must needs take the place of certainty.

I have not been able to acquire in life that sense of ownership which so often accompanies possession. Instead, I have had, regarding all those whose lives I have touched, a lively sense of their joint right with me in the use of my possessions. I have had also a deep conviction that, as the social sense is developed, ways will be found for the better expression of social purposes through property values and it is my hope that through my heirs the property heretofore called mine may be held by them as a social trust and that as such it may become in their hands an increasingly active and effective agency for social good.

In this effort to dispose legally of whatever may constitute my tangible property at death, and to devise with it to my heirs and successors the point of view which has accompanied my trusteeship of it, I hope I may not be suspected of any desire to hamper the purely legal processes, or to befog the purely legal issues, involved in every bequest of property under our laws. My sole desire in the adoption of this form of be-

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quest is that, in this case, in so far as possible, personality may accompany property, in death as it has in life, and that those who inherit my material objects may inherit also what always have been to me more important than these, my spiritual objectives.

I therefore, being, I believe, as sound of mind and body as ever I can be, present this as my last will and testament, the expression of my hopes and wishes of the present moment for and to those whom I love, to be interpreted and administered by them according to their own several and collective judgments. For I am persuaded that these their judgments are not more likely to be in error than my own, particularly when it is considered that I shall not be present to pass upon the facts. And surely their love is not less than mine, and love I have always found to be a surer guide than logic.

I then hereby bequeath to society in general all of my property, of whatever nature, both real and personal, so-called, together with all of the accumulated experience of my life-time, my hopes, faiths, dreams, intentions and ambitions, fulfilled and unfulfilled, my failures and my successes.

And I appoint hereby, as joint trustees to carry out this bequest, first, all of those who, by ties of blood or other relationship, are my legal heirs; second, all of those who in the sacred name of friendship have shared the vicissitudes of my sojourn on the earth. And it is my desire that all of these shall share in the opportunities and responsibilities of this trusteeship equally in so far as equality is possible; that is, according to their several individual preferences and capacities as may be determined by themselves, lovingly one with another.

And, recognizing that society is not as a whole organized to utilize my bequest to its advantage, and believing that society is best served by individuals acting socially, I direct that all of my property above bequeathed to society, be actually divided by my several heirs and trustees amongst themselves, according to their needs and their desires, for social usage by them according to their individual points of view. For the guidance of these my trustees in the definition of what shall constitute social usage of their several inheritances, I refrain intentionally from

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laying down any rules, or making any suggestions, having full confidence in their integrity of purpose, and realizing fully that social ends often are ultimately best served by what are presently and specifically individual advantages. If I can but succeed in leaving to my heirs a social point of view toward *all* property, I shall need have no fears respecting their social usage of *any* property.

For this actual division of my real and personal property, so-called, amongst my heirs and trustees, I suggest only the rule of fitness, as determined by themselves, conditioned always and only upon the spirit of loving-kindness.

Appended hereto is a list of all my property, both real and personal, together with the names of those whose specific right it shall be to share in this bequest. It shall be the privilege, however, of my trustees, to add to this list the name of any person who, in their judgment, is entitled to a place thereon.

In conclusion I suggest only that it be not forgotten or overlooked that, while in conformity with legal usage, my tangible property is to be actually divided and parcelled in the usual way amongst my individual heirs, in the naming of which no distinction is made between those who are dear to me by the ties of blood and of friendship, my desire is that these heirs may take seriously and literally my expressed wish that society in general be the real and ultimate beneficiary of my bequests.

In earnest of my desires herein set forth, I hereunto set my hand, this first day of January, 1912.

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

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WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN *

HORACE TRAUBEL

MONDAY, DEC. 10, 1888.

W. criticised the reviews of *November Boughs*. He went on: "The world's intellectual classes so-called fail to take in the character of our work: they want their sonatas, songs, odes—yet I would not turn on my heel for any one of them: not even for the ode—not for an instant acquiesce in them. We are after something not to be stated in terms of restriction, of art, simply. America means above all toleration, Catholicity, welcome, freedom—a concern for Europe, for Asia, for Africa, along with its concern for America. It is something quite peculiar, hardly to be stated—evades you as the air—yet is a fact everywhere preciously present. Bryant had a whiff of it—Longfellow not the first sign: Emerson had universality—intellect, heart: Whittier distinctly the flavor of it—though for him, while sweetly human in his main current, it was narrow, a New England patriotism, therefore not satisfying and competent."

THURSDAY, DEC. 13.

Of war: "They are a hellish business, wars—all wars. Sherman said, War is hell: so it is: any honest man says so—hates war where war is worst—not on the battlefields, no—in the hospitals: there war is worst: there I mixed with it: and now I say, God damn the wars—all wars: God damn every war!" His voice suddenly got strong, rang out. Then he sank back on his pillow.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16.

W. lying on the bed—on his side. Looking very ill. Talk perfectly coherent though difficult. Strange how exact his sentences are, but how long they are coming! "What is new in our affairs?" Christmas. The streets are full of people—men, women, children. "They enjoy it—some enjoy it: I like to

* Commenced in the October Number.

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hear you tell of it.—But for me—well, what is there for me? And the weariness of it all—the close confinement in a room: I feel that I am slowly—I think I can say slowly—moving onward, out." But: "What a poor miserable critter man is! A joker—a great joker for his little time: then nature comes along, buffets him once or twice, gives him two or three knocks: nature, the strong, the irresistible, the great bear: then what is man? where is the joker?"

Reflected later upon the tariff: it aroused his fire—what fire yet burned: he flashed out: "Humbug! none more arrant, transparent." Particularly was this to be said of "restrictions between this country and Canada." "The United States themselves realize the danger of it for themselves, but not for them and Canada. Our American policy so-called—our little, insignificant, muddy policy is beyond words despicable. It seems to me this age, especially America, owes it to itself, owes it to the world, to cut off this wretched pretence." He had ways of knowing what officialism was: "The custom house people, for instance—silly, red-tapey, pompous, ignorant, dandyish—never a help, always an interference: not knowing when you ask them, not able to discover, not willing to serve: and this with Canada, too, of all countries. I think a person must go to Canada before he learns how monstrous this thing is—how utterly inexcusable: Ontario itself: its young men—strong, bright, happy, receptive: I know of no State in our Union which can beat—if even equal—Ontario." He urged: "Note the life there—agriculture, intelligence, desirable neighbors, if not kindred, to be cultivated, not spurned. America has fallen far short of her achievement while this is so."

He gave me the draft of an old letter to J. A. Symonds: asked me to read it to him. He repeated one phrase in it: "I am as usual in good health." "How ironical that sounds today!" He paused. Gently laughed. "Well—we must pay our bills: I have my bills to pay: the hospital bill: it must be paid. I get very impatient some days—am a little resentful: sore, sore: wonder if it's all fair and square—whether the scheme after all is not doubtful: then I go back: find my way back to my central thought again—my spinal conviction: I resent my resentment—

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am ashamed of my questions. Oh! I feel how empty everything would seem if I was not full of this faith—if this faith did not overflow me: how useless all things would be if they led on to nothing but what we see—to nothing but what we appear to wind up in here." "You think we are led on and on to something that will finally satisfy us, here or hereafter?" "Yes: I don't say what—I don't know what: I only say, to something: it is best we should not know too definitely what is to come: the important thing to us now is the life here—the people here: yes, that's the important immediate thing: the earth struggle—our effort, our task, here to build up our human social body into finer results: the daily hourly job right here, right now: yours, mine: the rest will come—the beyond: we are not called upon to bother about it at once: it would only confuse matters: we can make our declaration about it, say our yes, then stop: our responsibilities are on the earth."

MONDAY, DEC. 17.

He spoke of his critics. "It can't be jealousy: why should anyone be jealous of me? Or do they regard me as an accusation? God knows I don't want to accuse anybody: I do the work—I let the consequences take care of themselves. I recall that in one of my talks with Emerson he said: 'You have a great pack howling at your heels always, Mr. Whitman: I hope you show them all a proper contempt: they deserve no more than your heels.' Emerson could be severe in his own way. Thoreau, in Brooklyn, that first time he came to see me, referred to my critics as 'reprobates.' I asked him: 'Would you apply so severe a word to them?' He was surprised: 'Do you regard that as a severe word—reprobates? What they really deserve is something infinitely stronger, more caustic: I thought I was letting them off easy.'"

Later he talked of Rossetti and his expurgations. "Of course I see now as clearly as I did then how big and fine Rossetti was about it all—how thoroughly he realized me: much more so and more promptly than Conway. But I now feel somehow as if none of the changes should have been made: that I should have said, take me as I am or not at all: I should have assumed that

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position: that's the only final, logical, position: take me as I am, my bad and good, my everything—just as I am: no cuts, excisions, moralistic abridgments. I never regret that I gave Rossetti options in the matter, but I doubt if I would do the thing over again that way. Rossetti himself used his margin with great tact, consideration, delicacy: was miraculously circumspect. But an expurgation means a lot more always than it looks as if it meant—has far-reaching consequences: like one move on the chessboard that moves so much else with it—imposes other moves: so we must look out—must not compromise unless it's a life and death issue, as it was not in this case. If any mistake was made in this incident, it was mine—my mistake: Rossetti was altogether beautiful—genial, loving, open-handed: he was full of resource—always seemed to know which way to turn next." Then he spoke of the public objection to plain speaking. "Will the world ever get over its own indecencies and stop attributing them to God?" He admitted that he would not now agree to expurgation under any circumstances. "I would never permit the text to be tampered with—not for any edition, not for ten thousand editions: it's a mistake: it's like going back: why, that's what Emerson asked me to do—expurgate: he didn't call it expurgate, but that's what he meant: give the book a chance to be heard: cut the dangerous things out: they won't hurt near as much out as in: excise them—throw them away: but what do you think *Leaves of Grass* would come to with *Children of Adam* thrown out? What? What?" Then: "To a cipher: that's all: what does a man come to with his virility gone? Emerson didn't say anything in the *Leaves* was bad: no: he only said people would insist on thinking some things bad. Well, those affairs are all past now: we can review them historically: look back: I am not of the feeling that anybody has committed any crime in the matter. I made one mistake: Emerson—well, Emerson had his rights, too, but in his argument failed to realize the orbic character of the *Leaves,* supposing that an important piece could be taken out without injury to the whole."

He gave me what he called a "curio"—a letter from M. D. Conway introducing "Mr. John Morley, Editor of *The Fortnightly Review,* in whose acquaintance you will find much pleas-

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ure, as he will in yours." W. said: "Morley was not the famous man then that he is now: he has been gradually going ahead, ahead, until now he is one of the big-sized men over there: not quite my type—not the letting-it-go kind: rather too judicial: still quite a man."

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18.

He had written a note to Kennedy, and said: "By the way, Kennedy writes an interesting letter. He has hit upon a poem there in the Harvard Library—a poem on *Solitude*—bound—purporting to be by Walt Whitman: so it reads: Kennedy says he looked into it—examined portions—felt it was not me—was suspicious of it: he quoted a few lines, the two or so at the start. Of course it's ridiculous—not mine: morbid, unhealthy: not ill done—not, however, done my way. Strangely, Kennedy says it was sent there by Lowell—was so specified: James Russell Lowell, 1860. Kennedy asked if I had not something to say to him about it—was it mine, etc.? You can easily imagine for yourself what I wrote him. I sent Kennedy's letter to the Doctor." Again he said: "It gives a fellow a queer feeling to find himself swirled into the atmosphere of a forgery on himself: wrenches him—makes him ask questions: I have been wondering all day whether I am really myself or someone else!"

He pictured imaginatively the city streets, the weather, and the near Christmas. "There must be streams and streams of people—met everywhere—crossing you in all directions: old and young, gay and sad"—and so on. He said further: "The Christmas lasts in its own way rather than in the old way: the theological suppositions are all taken out of it: it has become humanized—been brought down to the earth out of the heavens: has been humanized—sometimes I think almost marketized."

A review had been sent to him, and he spoke of reviewers: "Sometimes real men—sometimes sincere scholars, competent, in a way authoritative, entitled to our respect: sometimes: in the rare cases: but for the most part ignoramuses carrying a club." And after a little discussion he continued: "The main body of citizens still remains either ignorant of me or against me." I said: "Well—why shouldn't it? You've got to give the laggards

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time to catch up: you say so in your own poems." He acknowledged this, but—"Sometimes I forget myself, you see—go on like any other scarifying quarreller: berate people for not doing what they are not prepared to do: expecting them to reach way beyond themselves. I know it's not reasonable: will not hurry the world along beyond its pace. Then there remains the other reflection: may be I'm not so far ahead as I think I am—may be Walt Whitman's not ahead of the world at all—may be the world's ahead of Walt Whitman: may be it's with the world, not with Walt Whitman, to complain: who knows?" He stopped—was very quiet. "Do you have moods in which you get so doubtful about yourself?" I asked. "Yes—sometimes: at least, moods in which I put myself through a series of the severest questions. It does a man good to turn himself inside out once in a while: to sort of turn the tables on himself: to look at himself through other eyes—especially skeptical eyes, if he can. It takes a good deal of resolution to do it: yet it should be done—no one is safe until he can give himself such a drubbing: until he can shock himself out of his complacency. Think how we go on believing in ourselves—which in the main is all right (what could we ever do if we did not believe in ourselves?): but if we don't look out we develop a bumptious bigotry—a colossal self-satisfaction—which is worse for a man than being a scoundrel." He had shot all this out much faster than usual, as if stirred by great feeling. There were some minutes of silence. Then he said: "At least that's the way the situation looks to me: I have no illusions about myself: *Leaves of Grass* is still speculative—I mean its hold on the world, its place in literature—where it is to be put, if put anywhere at all: whether it's to go to the dust-bin to which Carlyle was fond of consigning his contemporaries." I asked: "Suppose the whole thing went up in smoke: would you consider your life a failure?" He cried out at once with intense feeling: "Not a bit of it: why my life? Why any life? No life is a failure. I have done the work: I have thrown my life into the work: in those early years: teaching, loafing, working on the newspapers: travelling: then in Washington—clerking, nursing the soldiers: putting my life into the scale—my single simple life: putting it up for what it was worth: into the book—pouring

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it into the book: honestly, without stint, giving the book all, all, all: why should I call it a failure? Why? I don't think a man can be so easily wrecked as that." "You really mean that you don't think he can be wrecked at all?" "Yes—that's better—that's saying the whole truth: not wrecked at all." I said: "You don't seem to be disturbed by literary ambitions." "Well—say it any way you choose: I have had ambitions: no one is without ambition: nothing can be done without it: but I had no notion of simply shining—of doing something brilliant, showy, to catch the popular imagination: I can say I never was bitten by that poisonous bug: but I had ambition: there were some things I wanted to do—some things I wanted to say: I was very eager to get my life according to a certain plan—to get my book written so, according to a certain plan: I was very resolute about that: that was my ambition: to get certain things said and done." He was still talking with intense feeling. "Have I done it? Have I fulfilled my ambition? God knows."

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19.

Discussing suggested parallelisms between himself and Tolstoy, W. said: "I accept Tolstoy: I say of him what I often say of Victor Hugo—for his time, place, environment, he is the man—no other would do: none is higher, nobler, more excellent. For us, for our circumstances, he would be morbid, unhealthy." He agreed that the substance of Tolstoy was after all the substance of *Leaves of Grass*. "I think so, taking it in the large and not being fussy about the details. Of course, you must remember that an ascetic something or other has been developing in Tolstoy as he has grown older: I don't care for it—in fact, rather despise it: asceticism is always obscene to me. That has disfigured some of Tolstoy's later speculation: I refuse to take it seriously: it doesn't seem to belong with the rest of him. At the same time I remember his origin: I say again as I did—that probably for his time and place he is a perfect result: he could not have matured in that form here, but there—well, there he fits in without a shock." Again: "One of the things that impresses me is this: that to the fellows over there, the miseries, uneasiness, messiness, of things, comes very close—the outlook is painful, dismal: feel-

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ings are naturally excited in them that could not come to us here. They are right to feel this environment—must feel it: they are subjected to an experience we cannot realize here—the circumstances of our birth and all the rest are so different: the whole atmosphere on this side is charged with the idea of liberty." He attributed "a great deal of our good fortune" to the fact that the land here "is still measurably free." But he "had no idea that with tendencies as they are this can continue long. We have free land—*now:* much of it: land that will be free for a couple of generations more: but—what then?" There he was "troubled." "We have our hoggishness, miseries, wrongs, horrors—but none that press us quite so hard and so close."

FRIDAY, DEC. 21.

Talking of a suggestion in a letter from Dr. Bucke, that *Leaves of Grass* was really autobiographical, W. said: "Can it be that the Doctor's theory is true? that the book is autobiography pure and simple—in its elemental form? That the work all centres upon one point—that its origins, beginnings, inspirations, have emanated, vitalized, all, centrally, from one source: that comes more and more to me. The last two weeks especially have I questioned the whole case, turned it over, seen it on every side—and I have come to recognize a more marked centrality than I had ever observed before—a centrality actual, while not designed: but whether as autobiography—even in the high, the uncommon sense—it excels the great, I may almost say, literature of the past—that puts a severe and serious if not impossible strain upon our faith. Think of Rousseau, of Goethe—" Had I read Rousseau's *Confessions?* "You should do so: it is a singular mixture—plenty of the petty, the minor, the mean, the dirty—then surprising streaks of genius—often and often." I suggested: "Taking autobiography in its finer form, the best autobiography is not that which a man starts deliberately out to write, but that which flows spontaneously from his own personality. By such a test *Leaves of Grass* is certainly one of the exclusive books in the group of the great autobiographies." W. said: "If not true as applied to *Leaves of Grass,* that is true in general: the best autobiography is not built, but grows." I spoke of Heine. "Yes,

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Heine—preëminently, above all others—and Burns: take Burns —the heart of him: drops of his blood on every page: if I may say it (is there such a word?) the ear-marks of the one human fact in every line."

SATURDAY, DEC. 22.

We talked of progress, W. noting the increased pace of each decade, and attributing it to more efficient methods of communication, through commerce, printing, telegraphy, etc. He said: "Yes, it is a quick movement now—I often feel impelled to ask, is it not too quick?" But he "supposed the tempo was a reasonable one." "Solidarity—the word solidarity: that seems to me most to fit. I like much to see that word—solidarity, intercalation: not Philadelphia alone, not Camden alone, even New York alone, but all together, all nations—the globe: intercalation, fusion, no one left out." I referred to the French fondness for the word. "Yes, Comte makes much of it: it is peculiarly a French word: comes naturally from the French. That is a fact I remember always in connection with Victor Hugo—with Tolstoy, too, who is not French, yet human with Hugo: their great purpose is human: their purpose communication, understanding. People—most of them—people here—call it sentiment in the French, in Hugo: but I confess it seems to me all right—the necessary, the inevitable, thing from their standpoint: and it is from that standpoint they must be judged—not from our circumstances, our environment, but theirs: and from theirs, how high, how lofty, what Hugo, what Tolstoy—others, too—have done!" He thought that "even the humblest person is entitled to be so judged in connection with the environment to which he had to conform." He protested his affection for the use of the word "solidarity" for "hardest reasons." "Solidarity is the future."

SUNDAY, DEC. 23.

He spoke of "American ballade rondeau writers—their small calibre, mean aims—the mere literary hangers-on and sportsmen. But ours are not the real fellows—even of that sort: they are the six times diluted imitators of the French: the

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French excel in all that: in grace, beauty, sparkle—witty sayings, bright rhymes—persiflage, they call it." Of Ruskin he said: "Ruskin seems to think himself constituted to protest against all modern improvements."

W. often gets back to free-trade. Protection is a perpetual sore with him. To-night he said: "Why am I a free-trader? a free-trader in the large sense? It is for solidarity: free-trade makes for solidarity: the familiar, full, significant word: and I hope, oh, I hope, there has been no failure to manifest the fact in my books. I know in my heart that every line I ever wrote—every line—not an exception—was animated by that feeling. I like best of all—better than anything else—in all the thousand pages, the little line or two in the preface to the English edition of *Specimen Days:* the lines wherein I expressed this feeling, this hope."

MONDAY, DEC. 24.

He spoke of casual travellers and their views of America. "They come here, fidget about a bit in the clubs—then go home and report. And such reports! They don't see the people at all—they only see the swells—they only look at themselves in the glass: then they go home: they say America is so and so and so and so. I think the English are about the worst offenders in this direction. It is well for us to remember our debt to England—yet we must not be blind to other facts equally important, at least—perhaps more so: notably, American leadership already in mechanics—by and by, perhaps as inevitably in art, literature, science. But we must not go too fast in boasting of our material acquisitions: remember that something more, deepest fixed in everybody: think of Emerson's repeated question: Are there to be no *men* there? no *men?*"

He was asked: "Do you always feel it is quite certain that Emerson will size up in history ultimately bigger than Thoreau?" He was "not dead sure on that point, either way." "My prejudices, if I may call them that, are all with Emerson: but Thoreau was a surprising fellow—he is not easily grasped—is elusive: yet he is one of the nature forces—stands for a fact, a movement, an upheaval: Thoreau belongs to Amer-

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ica, to the transcendental, to the protesters: then he is an outdoor man: all outdoor men—everything else big equal—appeal to me. Thoreau was not so precious, tender, a personality as Emerson: but he was a force—he looms up bigger and bigger: his dying does not seem to have hurt him a bit: every year has added to his fame. One thing about Thoreau keeps him near to me: I refer to his lawlessness—his dissent—his going his own absolute road."

TUESDAY, DEC. 25.

W. working over his notebook. Light up full, room very warm. The day mild and clear. How had he spent his Christmas? "Oh, without variety: there can be no variety for a man situated as I am here: I am always much as you see me now."

He had read Tolstoy's *Sebastopol.* "I have finished it—every word of it: was impatient to do it—profoundly interested. This book is far, far, far—threefold, fourfold—beyond anything I have seen before from Tolstoy. New lights are thrown on him: I find tangible indications of to me heretofore only half-suspected powers: the whole, compacted, compacting, judgment: ascending: up—up—up and out. Oh! he has immensely risen—immensely!"

At the end of the evening he said: "Emerson said when we were out together in New York and Boston—said it more than once: 'I envy you your capacity for being at home with anybody in any crowd.' Then he asked me on another occasion: 'Don't you fear now and then that your freedom, your ease, your nonchalance, may be misunderstood?' I asked him: 'Do you misunderstand it?' He put his hand on my arm and said: 'No: I see it for what it is: it is beautiful.' Then I said to him: 'Misunderstood? Yes: it will be misunderstood. But what is there I do that is not misunderstood?'"

FRIDAY, DEC. 28.

"I have always had an idea that I should some day move off—be alone: finish my life in isolation: it may not seem just like me to say that, but I've felt so: at the last, after my fires were spent. For the most part I have desired to remain in the midst

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of the hurly-burly—to be where the crowd is: to make use of its magnetism, to borrow life from its magnetism: my heart is always with the people, in the thick of the struggle."

SATURDAY, DEC. 29.

"Do you know anything about Burns—John Burns—a writer: he is a London man—seems to be a labor agitator—an anarchist—something of that sort. Someone sends me some of his poems: they seem to imagine a likeness between us—seem to see some suggestions of me there, of *Leaves of Grass*."

And later: "I put my faith in the crowd of everyday men—in the rise, the supremacy (not the rule) of the superb masses: the men who do things—the workers: they are our hope—they will lead us on if we are led on: not the women and the men who dress, who shine, whose life is not love but toilet: I don't see what they can do for us except lead wrong ways—to the devil." It was a mistake to think he had been "making explanations—putting up defences—trying by an argument, an appeal" to make his position clear. "I have always left that to take care of itself: have kept the work going, kept my hands on the wheel, steered the ship, not worrying about the results: for I always saw that explications did not explicate—that certain people were eligible to understand me, would understand me—that certain other people were not to be reached—that no sort of a plea, that no figures quoted, even, would affect them—reduce the quantity, quality, vehemence of their prejudice."

He had given me a long letter from Edward Carpenter. He said: "Carpenter is one of the torch-bearers, as they say: an exemplar of a loftier England. He is not generally known, not wholly a welcome presence, in conventional England: the age is still, while ripe for some things, not ripe for him, for his sort, for us, for the human protest: not ripe though ripening."

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ENGLAND AND GERMANY

SYDNEY BROOKS

IT was before an intensely expectant Parliament and nation that Sir Edward Grey on November 27 rose to unfold the diplomatic controversy that for the past six months has raged round Morocco. It was known, or at any rate believed, that in the course of that controversy Great Britain and Germany had found themselves within measurable distance of war. But at what particular point they had become embroiled, how far or how near they were to an actual rupture, what had been the course of British policy throughout the whole difficulty, and whether the settlement finally reached between France and Germany would pave the way to an improvement in the general scheme of Anglo-German relations—on all these matters the average Englishman, in and out of Parliament, was totally uninformed and keenly anxious to be enlightened. The occasion was one that would have tempted an orator to make a great speech. It was eminently characteristic of Sir Edward Grey that he made no attempt whatever to be eloquent. He delivered a plain, unemotional statement of the facts, reviewed the negotiations in detail, showed precisely how and when matters had become critical between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse, explained and defended without heat or rhetoric the line he had pursued, enunciated in a few grave sentences the first principles of British foreign policy, and ended up with a cordial but restrained endorsement of the wish that Anglo-German relations might for the future be inspired by a better understanding. It was a typical performance, weighty, pertinent, of lucid orderliness, unadorned by any artifice of the orator's art, unrelieved by any play of the imagination, but strong and telling in its straightforwardness, the sureness of its grip, its sincerity and quiet assurance.

The motives that make people trust or distrust statesmen, like the motives that make them like or dislike sovereigns, are often obscure, irrational and the product rather of instinct than of knowledge. Sir Edward Grey is a case in point. There is

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perhaps no English statesman in whom the people have a more general confidence or of whom they know so little. It is one of the saving clauses of the British system that the British are still able to reconcile the theory of unmitigated democracy with the practical rulership of such men as Sir Edward Grey—of men, that is to say, who are the antitheses of demagogues, and whose influence upon the public mind is above everything else the psychological influence of character. Like the late Lord Salisbury, Sir Edward Grey combines strength of convictions with a temperate reflectiveness of expression and with a certain aloofness from the stress of mere partisanship. The nation adjudges him a man in whom the politician is subordinate to the statesman and sensibly assumes that the qualities which prevent him from becoming, or from wishing to become, a great popular leader are precisely the qualities that ensure his success as Foreign Secretary. But if he is not a great popular leader he is none the less a great personal force in British politics. The knowledge that Sir Edward Grey had come to such and such a decision on any leading question of the day would have more effect on national opinion than the stand taken up by any other public man that could be named. That is because no one else combines as he does balance and independence of judgment, candor of speech and firmness of purpose, with so absolute an indifference to the tricks of popularity and the clamor of the hour. He has the air for the most part of being a looker-on at the contentions of ordinary politics, of being incapable of the normal distortions and exaggerations and manufactured excitements expected of the party man. An ardent fisherman, a lover and student of nature and flowers and birds, and a passionate Wordsworthian, he brings into the arena of party turmoil the philosophic poise and detachment, the silence and self-continence, born of, or at any rate fostered by, his favorite pursuits. A strong man and a sane man, with a larger fund of idealism and a greater warmth of temperament than he allows the public to suspect, absolutely without personal ambitions and with very few illusions, pregnant and impressive in all his utterances, firm but unadventurous in action, there is something in him that recalls the self-possession and sober dignities of a bygone age. In a time of great inter-

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national disturbance he has guided British policy with admirable moderation and on the whole with very considerable success. He has wiped out altogether the reputation of British Liberalism for mingled vacillation and hot-headedness in the conduct of foreign affairs; and if he has proved himself one of the most uncommunicative of Ministers and has wrapped the conduct of his office in reserves that more than once have strained the patience of his supporters, it has never been to protect himself or because he feared any Parliamentary attack that might be made upon him, but because he recognized from the first that, however unpopular an attribute it may be in these ultra-democratic and inquisitive days, reticence in a Foreign Secretary is the first of all virtues and is, indeed, a condition of diplomatic freedom. The Liberal party just now is rich in men of ability, imagination and daring, but it has no one who begins to compare with Sir Edward Grey in the special qualities that make an authoritative and trusted Minister for Foreign Affairs.

I do not propose to comment in any detail on the speech in which on November 27 Sir Edward summarized the course of the Morocco negotiations and described the tense and difficult situation that developed from them. A settlement that has all the appearance of finality has been reached on that question between France and Germany and everyone hopes that Morocco as a disturbing element in Anglo-German relations has now ceased to exist. But it has not ceased to exist without leaving behind it on both sides of the North Sea a feeling of soreness and resentment; and one cannot as yet affirm that there is any real rift in the clouds that for a decade and more have overhung Anglo-German relations. None the less the elimination of Morocco as a bone of Anglo-Franco-German contention undoubtedly makes for an all-round appeasement. Great Britain has made friendship with France the keynote of her European policy. The Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 practically gave France a free hand in dealing with Morocco. But both London and Paris had forgotten Berlin. The Wilhelmstrasse suspected, for one thing, an anti-German point in the Anglo-French *rapprochement*. For another, it could not admit that a question in which Germany had some real, if only insignificant, inter-

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ests could be settled without Germany's participation and behind her back. As soon as the battle of Mukden had registered the impotence of Russia, and had deprived France of the effective aid of her European ally, Germany woke to action. She intervened in Morocco and completely checkmated the French policy of pacific penetration. She had all the air of threatening war unless France agreed to an international conference for the adjustment of the affairs of the Shereefian Empire. She brought about the downfall of M. Delcassé. She converted the question of Morocco into a question of France and Germany; and while the Algeciras Conference disposed of the possibility of an actual break between the two countries, Germany during the past five years has hardly for a moment relaxed her pressure, has magnified and confused every Morocco "incident," has steadily pursued a policy of pin-pricks, and clearly showed, when she sent the *Panther* to Agadir last July, that a final settlement of the Moorish problem was still to seek. Throughout these ordeals Great Britain has stood unswervingly by the side of France and there can be no doubt that had war broken out any time during the past six years the Anglo-French *entente* would have instantaneously developed into an Anglo-French alliance. There is no talk of "perfidious Albion" in France nowadays. On the contrary, the firmness and constancy of British support throughout the whole Morocco entanglement have won the repeated acknowledgments of the French Government. But it is clear that so long as this situation endured, so long as Germany continued to prod France, and Great Britain joined with France in resisting the proddings, there could be no improvement in Anglo-German relations. Sir Edward Grey, indeed, some five years ago, bluntly laid it down as an axiom that the state of Anglo-German relations would have to be governed by the state of Franco-German relations. He made it in other words a condition of cordiality between London and Berlin that Germany should cease to harass and browbeat France. Germany has at last accepted that condition. In return for territorial compensations in the region of the Congo she has renounced all political ambitions and interests in Morocco and has virtually handed over the destinies of that country to French control. One re-

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sult of this happy and rational consummation is that the path is at length partially cleared to an Anglo-German *détente*.

I say partially instead of wholly, because while the Franco-German dispute over Morocco has had a powerful reflex action upon Anglo-German relations, it has not been the sole or even the greatest factor in keeping England and Germany apart. What has done that has been, more than anything else, suspicion; and the workings of this suspicion, the effects it has produced, and the consequences to which it has led, have been more suggestive of a hypnotic *séance* than of the behavior of two civilized and presumably rational peoples. If international sympathies and aversions were determined by facts and reasoned probabilities instead of by unthinking impulses, baseless conjectures and ignorant perversities, the Anglo-German feud could never have attained one-half of its present intensity. At no specific point are Great Britain and Germany in conflict. At very few points are they even in contact. No accommodation between them, such as has been effected between England and Russia and England and France, is necessary or possible, because the material for such an accommodation does not exist. That, I think, is the first thing to be borne in mind when Anglo-German relations are approached from the standpoint of common sense. And it gives at once a certain air of unreality and factitiousness to the war of bickerings and imputations and scares and counterscares which has been waged between London and Berlin for the past decade and a half. From first to last there has been in this warfare scarcely anything that was tangible, that could be made the subject of a diplomatic bargain, that lent itself to a give-and-take compromise, that could be stated in black and white and solved by a matter-of-fact negotiation.

But all this, while it has invested the Anglo-German feud with many elements of egregious absurdity, has by no means diminished its seriousness or shortened its life. On the contrary it has heightened the one and prolonged the other. Nothing in the world is so hard to counter as suspicions that cannot in the nature of things be disproved or brought to the test of fact, that relate less to the present than to some indefinite future, and that tend by infinite repetition and by their very elusiveness

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to acquire a certain credibility. It is suspicions of this kind that have poisoned the public mind of England and Germany. With little or nothing definite to quarrel about, the two nations have bombarded each other with conjectures and innuendoes. In default of facts, they have made an issue of tendencies, motives and possibilities. Neither has been able to bring the other to book because each has professed to be thinking of the year 1950 or thereabouts. The German Anglophobe regarded King Edward as an unblushing monster of craft and cant. The British Teutophobe still regards the Kaiser as the embodiment of every diplomatic black art, a ubiquitous *agent provocateur,* the sleepless plotter of anti-British coalitions, the eternal conspirator against British power and policies. Anyone, indeed, who examines the phenomena of the Anglo-German antagonism will see at once that its outstanding feature is a fusillade of almost identical charges, an endless exchange of virtually similar insinuations. All the schemes and ambitions that are imported by Englishmen to Germany are imported by Germans to England. And the curious part of it is that the English and the German peoples are, on the whole and in bulk, serious, sensible and pacific folk who, though narrow, have never been without some slight capacity for seeing and thinking clearly, and who in their saner moments are perfectly well aware that a war between their respective countries would be a profitless crime. Yet for fifteen years, ever since the Kruger telegram, they have allowed themselves to be lashed by the extremists in their midst into a state of mental confusion and suspiciousness in which facts and realities almost cease to exist. Extremism at one end of the argument leads inevitably to extremism at the other; and in England at any rate the pro-German has been just as violent as the anti-German, and the sentimentalism of the one school not a whit less unreasoning than the venom of the other. And so it goes on. Something of the kind has happened before. England and Russia, England and France, were for years on very much the same sort of terms as England and Germany to-day. But there was this difference—Anglo-Russian and Anglo-French antagonisms had a clear relation to questions of politics, to concrete and ponderable issues. In the case of England and Germany,

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however, no such issues exist. The difficulty between them is not one of politics but of psychology. If The Hague Tribunal were called in to diagnose Anglo-German relations, they would send, not for a diplomatist, but for an alienist. Their judgment would be that the two peoples have lost all touch with actualities, are seeing spooks and mistaking them for each other and that, while there is little in their material or political interests that needs adjusting, their state of mind demands instant inquiry.

That much being said, it is possible to approach such causes of conceivable conflict as actually exist with a certain dispassionateness. They will be found, I think, on examination to be three in number. The German Empire was made by diplomacy, war and spoliation. These processes are not yet exhausted, and it is not incredible, though it is, of course, extremely unlikely, that Austria, Belgium or Holland may eventually share the fate of Silesia and Alsace-Lorraine. Looking to Germany's past and to her present strength and needs, nobody would care to hazard the prophecy that the era of German expansion is definitely closed. The German Empire is an imprisoned Empire, and to burst the bonds that hold her in must be a permanent temptation. But she can yield to it only at the risk of bringing England and all her neighbors in Europe down upon her. She may never yield to it; the Pan-German dream may remain forever unrealized. It is an axiom, however, of European history that whenever any single nation reaches an undue height of power the other nations combine by instinct against her. Sir Edward Grey on November 27 practically invited Germany to bear that instinct in mind and to remember that a Power which is accumulating the means of material strength as rapidly and efficiently as Germany is accumulating them must needs be an object of some apprehension to its neighbors. On the whole, though, to imagine England involved in a war for the protection of Belgium or Holland against German aggression is to look far beyond the bounds of political common sense. For the present, at all events, one may safely dismiss it from one's calculations.

The second cause of a possible Anglo-German conflict lies in Germany's relations with France. Those relations, now that the question of Morocco is settled, are likely to improve. But

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it must be remembered that British opinion has now definitely enrolled the integrity and independence of France among those vital interests that are to be defended at any cost; that if war were to break out between France and Germany on whatever ground, the British Government would be impelled to side actively with France; and that in any case so long as she is committed by her treaty obligations to the preservation of Belgian neutrality, Great Britain's part in a Franco-German struggle could hardly be a passive one. These are dangers that different people will assess in different ways. But no one I think can now call them imminent. The disappearance of the Moorish problem leaves Paris and Berlin without a single definitely contentious issue open between them—for no one imagines that France will deliberately provoke a conflict in the hope of regaining the lost provinces. As between France and Germany—two countries, remember, that have kept the peace for forty years—matters will probably adjust themselves with increasing ease and steadiness as the years go on; and the possibility of England's becoming involved with Germany on France's behalf or as the result of a Franco-German struggle, becomes correspondingly remote.

Of the three possible causes of an Anglo-German war, therefore, two have been examined and have been relegated to some distant future about which it is profitless to speculate. The third is nearer, more engrossing, and more menacing; it is to be found in the prodigious expansion of German sea-power. There is no disguising the ugly fact that Great Britain and Germany are committed to a naval rivalry under circumstances that make a conflict between them not improbable, a conflict in which Germany will stand to gain everything while England will stand to hold merely what she has already won. When the present German programme is fully completed, and even without counting on its being extended, Germany will have a fleet of thirty-three Dreadnoughts, a fleet, that is to say, more powerful by far than any the world has yet seen. It will be admirably trained and organized; it will have behind it the greatest and most powerful army in Europe; it may operate in alliance with a squadron of Austrian Dreadnoughts in the Adriatic; it will be backed by the

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vigor and determination of one of the most hardy, efficient and resolute peoples that exist to-day; it will be a fleet concentrated on a single spot, amply protected from assault itself, and yet capable of being launched against a foe like a single thunderbolt. And across the North Sea, within two days' steaming, will lie England, more powerful at sea but with infinitely more scattered interests to safeguard, conscious that without naval supremacy she must cease to exist, less efficient, more sentimental, less disciplined than the Germans, guarding an Empire that is the richest prize for which any nation has yet contended. It seems to me absurd to pretend that there is nothing in such a situation to inspire anxiety. The menace of the German fleet is not that it will equal the British fleet or that Germany will ever venture to fling it against Great Britain single-handed. The menace of the German fleet is this—that its growth is gradually undermining British capacity to maintain the two-Power standard of naval construction; that a turn of the diplomatic wheel may leave the balance of European sea-power in German hands; and that, if British relations with France or Russia were to return to their old state of animosity, the German fleet would serve as the spear-head for an anti-British coalition.

That, I believe, is the exact essence of the Anglo-German situation, so far as it is one of tangible facts and not of mere sentiment. What then should be Great Britain's policy? There is every need for wariness and vigilance, but none whatever for panic, still less for bickerings. Germany has as much right to have a big navy as Great Britain has to have a bigger one. Great Britain cannot prevent her from building ships and to rail at her for doing so is of all proceedings the least sensible and impressive. There is no present danger; there is no certainty, though there is admittedly a probability, of future danger. The British policy under these conditions should be to say little, to see everything, and to provide all possible guarantees—firstly, by maintaining her supremacy at sea intact and secondly by entering into friendly relations with the Powers without whose coöperation an anti-British coalition would be impossible. This is a policy that is perfectly compatible with vigilance, foresight, dignity and good manners—qualities that of late years have not

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been conspicuous on either side of the North Sea, but that promise at last to have a chance of reasserting themselves. What is certain is that if the present mistrust and ill-will continue much longer, if the two Powers, spending between them (as they soon will be) five hundred million dollars a year on naval preparation, maintain their present atmosphere of suspicion and apprehension, then any one of a dozen conceivable incidents may goad the two peoples beyond endurance and precipitate a violent collision.

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THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

BOOK II

CHAPTER VII

I HAVE never yet determined to my satisfaction whether Life be merely the spinning of a coin or a great scheme working itself toward completion by a series of steps, undeviating in their perfect arithmetical progression.

I know it matters little, one way or the other. The thought only recurred to my mind by reason of the fact that had that bell been rung only four times, I should not have answered it. But it was rung five, whereupon it came to me in speculation that no tradesman would have such patience as that, and, rising from my chair, I went into the hall. When I opened the door, there stood Clarissa.

I suppose it was amazement that deprived me of speech. For a moment I could but stand and gaze at her. There was not merely the astonishment in my mind at finding that it was she; there was bewilderment also at the change which had taken place in her. She looked ill. But it was not only that; she looked somehow in need of food. There was that nameless suggestion in her appearance as when a woman has ceased to care for her looks. It was apparent notwithstanding that her clothes were well made and costly. I knew that something had happened, but what with the amazement of seeing her there and the bewilderment at finding her as she was, between the two I was at a loss for words. It must have been half a minute that I stood waiting in silence, still holding to the handle of the door.

"What's the matter?" I asked at last.

"I want to see you," said she.

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I held the door wide open for her to pass through, and as I realized from what her coming had saved me, all my body fell to shaking as though a fit of ague were upon me. I felt like one who, calm though he may have been when danger threatened, is made suddenly aware of it when it has passed.

"Go into my sitting-room," said I, and a moment later, when I had pulled myself together, I followed her.

She was sitting timidly on the edge of a chair near the fire and her whole attitude was a mute apology for her presence in my room. All through her body, I knew she was shivering. There was no outward sign of it, but by the way she held to the arm of the chair, by the very posture she had adopted, it was plainly to be seen that all her nerves were trembling with vibration after a great strain. I closed the door.

"I don't know what you think of me for coming here after that letter I returned—after——"

She began that way; then almost all sound went out of her voice. I saw her lips move, but could hear no more than a pathetic murmuring of words.

"I can't quite make it out," I admitted quickly, "but does that matter? You needn't think about the letter—that was a month ago. You've come to tell me what's happened since. What has happened?"

I drew up my chair to the fire. "It will give her the impression," I said to myself, "that we have talked like this a hundred times before." Of course, it may not have done so at all. I only know that women are susceptible to such little matters as these. Doubtless they make life easier. I am certain that the absence of them makes it more difficult. Yet in this instance it seemed not to help Clarissa at all. She just looked up at me with her big eyes, which I shall ever remember best of all when they were full of anger, but still she could not answer. It seemed as though the weight of all she had to tell was too heavily laid upon her for speech. But knowing nothing, how could I help her? And so we might have continued had I not thought suddenly of that look of hunger which I imagined I had seen in her face when I first opened the door.

"Wait a minute," said I, and I spoke easily, quickly, as

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though I would interrupt her, "let's have tea first. Wouldn't you like some tea?"

The very sound of it brought a different look into her eyes. I swear to Heaven, I believed then I could have made her happy. It is knowing these little things about women that counts so much, and a long day is full of them. I do not know how I have learnt them. It is not from experience. But it would seem that I have grown up with the knowledge that to anticipate her needs is a finer jewel to a woman than any diamond set in platinum. The fact that she would choose the diamond is no proof that she must like it best.

Directly I saw that expression in Clarissa's face I rose and rang the bell for my housekeeper who, in Moxon's absence, was looking after me.

"Now what shall we have to eat?" said I. "What you like—hot buttered toast, muffins, tea-cakes, scones?"

It pleases them also to know that there is a lot to choose from. They love being unable to make up their minds amidst a galaxy of riches. They like you to select for them, just so that they may realize how your selection has eliminated the very thing they did not want.

We went through it all—every stage. She left it to me to choose.

"Tea-cake," said I, because I knew that we should have to send out to buy them, and I wanted to buy something for her. I have said it before; I envy the men who buy things for women. She looked doubtful.

"Scones," I suggested. We should have had to send out for scones, too. But she chose hot buttered toast. That is just the way these things go. When Mrs. Bullwell answered the bell I told her to bring the whole business as quick as she could.

"What made you think of tea?" asked Clarissa.

"It's the time," said I, "nearly five."

"I'm glad you did think of it."

"Why?"

"I'm hungry."

"Yes—I knew you were," I said quickly. "I saw it in your face. You haven't had any lunch."

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"I haven't had anything to-day."

"Good Lord! Why not?"

She looked at me nervously, as though I ought to know all about it; as if I were asking these questions solely in order to put her to the pain of telling me.

"Do you mean to say," I repeated, "that you haven't had one morsel of food to-day?"

When she shook her head two or three times, I went straight to the door and called for Mrs. Bullwell.

"What's it to be?" I asked. "Don't say a chop because it's the first thing that comes into your head. Will you have some eggs or——?"

"A chop," said she.

I persuaded Mrs. Bullwell to promise it in ten minutes.

"And open a bottle of that claret," said I, as she departed. "We shan't want any tea now. Well—I'll have some, but you can get it afterwards."

Then I closed the door and came back to Clarissa.

"What does all this mean?" said I. I know I tried to speak as a father speaks to his child. I tried to forget how I cared for her. It is not to the man who is hopelessly wasting his heart on her that a woman gives her confidence. "Something has happened to you," I added. "What is it?"

She pulled off her gloves. She pulled them off in that nervous way by which you knew that she was quite unconscious of her action. Then her lip quivered. I felt the struggle in her heart to keep back the tears. In a vain way I strove with her, too. For what should I have done had she wept then? In all conscience it had been difficult enough on the cliffs at Ballysheen; but now, when I knew how much she was to me, when I saw quite clearly from what her coming had saved me, tears in her eyes then would have been my certain undoing. For undoubtedly it was Clarissa who had saved me. But for her, I should by this time have been set forth upon my great adventure. It was so utterly impossible now. Some woman at last had come to me in trouble. Some woman! It was the very woman in all the world whose trouble I would most easily have borne.

When I saw the tightness set firm upon her lips once more,

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for there was a moment while she struggled with its quivering, then I leant forward. I knew I must drag the story from her; so I felt my way with guessing, half knowing what had happened, leaving her, in little broken syllables, to tell me all the rest.

"Come," said I, gently, "you must tell me. Has he been cruel to you?"

She bent her head in silence.

"But how? How cruel? In what way? Where is he now?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know. When did you see him last?"

"Three weeks ago."

"Where?"

"Where he lived."

"Three weeks ago? Has he gone away?"

"I can't tell you. I've been back to the flat once or twice, but he won't see me."

"*You've* been back? Then he's there? Where have you been living, then?"

"I had a little room in Notting Hill. It's because I've got no money to pay for my lodging——"

Her lip began its quivering once more.

"That you came to me? Because you've got no money? Where is all your money?"

"It's spent. He says there is no more."

I could sit still no longer. It was only possible to hear her story as I walked up and down the room.

"But why did he send you away?" I continued. "You're his wife. He must keep you; he must support you; a thousand times more now that he has spent every farthing that you have. He must go and work his fingers to the bone. He must slave like a dog now—give his whole life up to the reparation of the loss he's brought you. You've every cause to insist upon it. You *must* insist upon it. It's your right—your common right. Good Lord, you're his wife!"

She looked very straightly in my face. Her own was pale as though all anger in it had burnt to whitened ashes. The deep hollows of her eyes were filled with ominous shadows. At that

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gaze of hers, I thought: "Supposing she might die." I cannot tell why it came into my mind, for how could I have known? A month ago I had seen her well—in a forced gaiety of spirits. How could I have dreamed she was so near the very climax of her suffering? So I let the thought pass on and felt it shudder through me. I misread that steady gazing of her eyes. I never guessed that she was asking of me more understanding than a man can give. How should I have understood? And yet a woman would have known. Long before this a woman would have taken the knowledge that was being withheld from her. But in my blind innocence I struggled on, dragging her to the very pinnacle of her shame.

"Don't you realize the rights of a wife?" I persisted. "Your husband can't cast you off like this. He can't despoil you of everything you have and then fling you aside. You're flesh and blood—you're not a garment that is threadbare."

And when I saw her poor white face staring into mine, I gave the wrench its final turn to make her agony of mind more sure. God knows I little thought.

"You're treating yourself as though you were a worthless woman, as though you were property he had bought and might chuck away at will. But you're his wife and if you never see him again—you might thank God if you didn't—you must make him support you with the last penny he has."

It was then she said it—said it in a voice that was colorless and dead; in a voice as when a prisoner pleads guilty to the vilest possibility of crime.

"I'm not his wife," she murmured.

Her voice was low, almost to a whisper, and yet, had she shouted it, the silence coming after could not have been so great. The whole house in one moment was made quiet. Even a hansom jangling down the street came to my ears as such a sound is meant to reach you in a play.

"I shall remember afterwards," I said to myself, "that I heard a hansom rattling down the street." And I have remembered it; but that thought is the only one that returns to my mind. I can see things as they were. I can see her eyes trying to reach to mine, then falling till her hands had covered them. I can see

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the little, huddled-up figure, full of pathos, that she presented to my eyes. I can see Mrs. Bullwell coming in through the door with her tray of things, the uncorked bottle of claret standing high and black above the dishes.

But she came too late. As she closed the door behind her, the pathetic little figure before me crumpled up like a garment that can no longer stand upon the firmness of its texture. With a weary sigh that drove a sickness to my throat, Clarissa tumbled from her chair. I found her curled, as Dandy curls himself, into a circle at my feet. But she was so still. Her body was stiller than if she slept.

CHAPTER VIII

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Bullwell, "the poor thing's fainted!"

There was a comfortable sound in that homely phrase, yet still it seemed more than mere fainting to me. Doubtless women are accustomed to these little misadventures. They think nothing of them. But with a man, and when it is the woman whom he loves, I defy him to look with equanimity at the still white face, the closed eyes and that apparent cessation of all breathing.

We lifted her on to the settee and Mrs. Bullwell began to apply those remedies which, among her sex, will never pass out of use. She undid Clarissa's collar and her dress. She patted her hands and all with that quiet assurance of manner as though it were just in the day's work.

"Poor thing, poor thing," she kept on muttering. "She do look pale, don't she? You'd think she was dead to look at her —you would indeed."

"My God! Get some brandy!" said I, "while I telephone for a doctor."

"My goodness, sir, don't go to the expense of a doctor, she'll be all right in a minute or two. It's only a little weakness. I have 'em myself sometimes in the summer when it's hot in the kitchen. It passes off if I sit down a bit."

"Get that brandy," I repeated, and I rang up my friend Perowne.

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"Will the cooking brandy do, sir?" she asked, as she went to the door.

"Cooking! Good Lord, no! Liqueur!"

By good fortune Perowne was in and promised to be with me at once. Then I turned to Clarissa. Much against her will, Mrs. Bullwell had gone for the best brandy and we were alone. I leant down my head to listen for her breathing. It was so faintly audible that I had to hold my own that I might hear it. And then, as I bent still lower, my cheek touched her lips. They were so cold; yet they set the blood racing hot in me. I rose quickly from my knees and walked to the open window. That must have been what a young man feels when first he is kissed by the first woman he loves. Events had passed so quickly with me in the last half-hour. I had been so near to one great adventure and now was near to the greatest adventure of all. It left the pulses beating in my forehead, my throat dry and every muscle in my body vibrating.

No doubt it was well that Mrs. Bullwell should come in at that moment with the brandy. It gave me something else to think about. We put the glass to her lips, but she made no effort to swallow. The brandy trickled down her chin and fell in drops upon her dress.

"She's thin, poor dear," said Mrs. Bullwell.

"Do you think," I whispered, "do you think she'll come round?"

"Why, of course she will, sir. I've never heard of no woman dying in a faint. Yes—I 'ave, though. A cousin of mine when she was a young girl, just like this young lady, she died in a faint—never came to again. We laid her on a couch just like this. We patted her hands, we gave her—well, there was no brandy in the house—but we gave her a drop of gin. But she never took no notice of nothing. She went off as though she'd gone to sleep and that was the end of her. The doctor made sure she was quite dead before we buried her."

I felt I could listen to no more of that. Another word or two from Mrs. Bullwell of that nature and she would have guessed my secret. I went out to the hall door and waited on the steps. When Perowne arrived I brought him straight into

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the room. He asked for no explanation. How I blessed him for that!

"Shall I go out of the room?" I asked.

"Stay where you are," said he.

So I stood staring out of the window, and not one vehicle that passed, not one human being who went by did I see. All my senses were strained to the hearing of the first sound of Clarissa's voice.

"He'll bring her round," I continually said to myself. "He'll bring her round, if anyone can."

But the silence was unbroken. It came at last to be more than I could bear. I faced round into the room.

"Can't you do anything?" said I. "Can't you bring her round again?"

He stood up and looked at me. I knew he guessed it all by then. But he only asked if there were a bed where we could put her.

"She must go to bed at once," said he.

"There's Mr. Moxon's bed," began Mrs. Bullwell.

"I'll sleep there," said I. "Put her in my room."

There was no surprise in Perowne's face, but I am sure that if Mrs. Bullwell had described her feelings she would have made some allusion to that feather which has the power to lay low a woman even of her proportions.

So we carried her upstairs and laid her on my bed. I wonder shall I ever forget the strangeness of that first sensation which the sight of Clarissa's head upon my pillow brought me? But I was not allowed to look at her for long. Perowne told me to go downstairs and wait.

"I'll come and tell you how we're getting on in a minute or two. Don't worry yourself. Have some tea."

My Lord! They are casual, these doctors! It strikes you like that when they are dealing with someone in the hollow of whose hand lies your only hope of happiness.

I went out of the room and closed the door behind me. But to take tea when such an issue as Clarissa's life was weighing in the balance! I cannot remember walking downstairs to my room. The first thing that comes back to me is the memory of

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standing by my table with that little weapon in my hand which was to have done for me such wonders of legerdemain. With one touch of its bright steel trigger I was to have passed from that pit of depression—to what? The forgetfulness, the oblivion I suppose which, since my visit to Ballysheen, I had lost all power to conjure in my mind.

I think I must have stood some moments looking at it, holding it out in the palm of my open hand. At last I locked it away in an empty drawer. I had no further use for it then. I had come back to the power of something better than oblivion. Since that moment when Clarissa's lips had touched my cheek, I had discovered once more that priceless secret of remembrance. If Clarissa's life were safe it mattered little to me what issue should befall. She had come to me in trouble. I might never win her more than that. Indeed, I scarcely hoped of it. Her words on the cliffs that day at Ballysheen were always ringing in my ears. "You're ugly! You couldn't tell the truth!"

Perhaps she believed the truth was possible to me now. That she had come to me, and alone, was almost proof of it. But nothing could ever alter the other accusation. She might trust me implicitly by this, but any passion for me, that I knew was impossible. It was sufficient for me that she had placed herself in my hands. It was more than sufficient that now, with all her tragedy and her disillusionment, she might come to look upon me as her protector. Who could tell but one day, impoverished as she was, she might let me take her to some dressmaker's and say: "Show this lady the best dresses that you've got."

Possibly that is not the way it is done. But I may learn one of these days how women manage such things.

Whatever the issue might be I knew then that I had plenty to live for. She was penniless. She was at the mercy of all I could do for her. But suddenly came the fear that she might ask me to send her back to Dominica. Yet even that, cruel a return to such hopes of mine as it might seem, would still leave me with the consciousness that I had justified my existence.

"But she won't do that," said I. "She couldn't do that. Women have bigger hearts than that—moreover, women understand. She couldn't do that."

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Yet I suppose I must really have feared it, but when the door opened and Perowne closed it after him, all thoughts of what might happen in the future were gone from me. The immediate present looked at me forebodingly from his eyes.

"Well," I said quickly, "what is it? Is she better? What's happened? Have you brought her to?"

He put his hand on my shoulder.

"I suppose you know about this?" said he.

"About what?"

"She's going to have a child."

CHAPTER IX

So far as women are concerned it has left me severely alone. Times out of number in the ambling course of these pages I have wished that it were otherwise. Now was ever the wish of a man more completely gratified than mine?

Suddenly to find myself with this child of a woman in my house, confined to my own bed, with such a prospect before her, presented to my mind an attitude of incomparable bewilderment. Had the infant been placed in my arms then and there I should have known no better how to behave or what to do. For the first day I was as one who has lost his way in an elaborate maze. Turn which path I would, there seemed no way out of the business. I, whose knowledge of women was that which is attained at a respectful distance, had in one moment found myself, as it were, the expectant father of a child, with all his anxieties, all his apprehensions and alarms.

I had to learn to walk tip-toe in my room. Moxon being absent I was sent out for medicines, the prescriptions of which made me grow hot as I handed them over the chemist's counter. It is at times like these, I found, that a man realizes the utter littleness of his being. He is no more than a slave, attendant at the court of the highest monarch in the world.

A nurse was immediately sent for. Her deprivations of the previous days had made Clarissa's condition precarious. She could not be moved.

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When I had explained everything to Perowne he nodded his head, then he scratched it.

"How are you going to explain it to the nurse?" he asked. "Some of these women are touchy creatures. They have their ideas of babies born out of wedlock."

"Do you mean to say she'd make it uncomfortable for Clarissa?" I asked.

"Of course, you need not explain anything," he replied. "There's no essential reason why you should. Let her suspect if she likes."

"And show her suspicions! My Lord! You ought to know the judgment of a virtuous woman who barely suspects her sister of folly. Do you think I'd let that poor child suffer all the thousand little stings and arrows from the tongue of a woman who imagines her sex has been outraged? You know what she'd say. You know the way she'd say it. Never with a word. No —by Jove—if she says Mrs. Bellairs to me, I'll say Mrs. Bellairs to her."

He shrugged his shoulders and went away. I now almost believe he has guessed nothing. And how easily would a woman have known. It was but poor satisfaction, whatever way you looked at it. But I was determined that not the slightest measure of reproach should ever reach Clarissa's ears. She had followed her Fate. God knows she has paid the woman's utmost penalty. I can conceive no greater price. In no man's reckoning enters such a sum of atonement as this. He pays with remorse, with shame and with dishonor; but what are these beside two living eyes that gaze and gaze and gaze into your own as long as the days run on from one year to another?

There came no judgment to my mind of her. I know no man, and certainly no woman, who is qualified to judge of another in such an issue as this.

And beside, it was Clarissa. In the heart of me, I almost think I thanked the bitter cause that had sent her hither. It brought so much that I could do for her, more than I had ever had the opportunity for doing for any other woman in the world. Surely I had cause for gratitude there.

When the nurse arrived I was more determined than before

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that the truth of Clarissa's condition should never be known. Nurse Barham was elderly, but unmarried—a woman of florid face and thin lips, who, having helped at the birth of so many children, had lost all proportion of romance, and, never knowing such romance of her own, had come to regard life with bitter calculation.

Immediately after my interview with her I sent for Mrs. Bullwell before they could find opportunity to exchange their confidences.

"Mrs. Bullwell," said I, "I don't know what your morals are, but that lady upstairs is my wife."

"Glory, sir!" was all she exclaimed.

"If that's an expression of praise," said I, "or satisfaction, so much the better. But you understand it, don't you? To Nurse Barham, to me, to everybody in this house, that lady is Mrs. Bellairs, and if I hear of your spreading the faintest suspicion of her being anything else, we shall have to find another place for you."

She clasped her hands as though she would pray to God that such catastrophe might never befall her. Her moral sense came second, and with an impulsive gesture she laid a fat, red hand upon my arm.

"But you will marry the poor thing, won't you, sir?" she begged. "You will marry her when it's all over?"

I took hold of the fat, red hand. There are not many moments in life when one can do these things, preserving that dignity we choose to call essential; there are not many moments, but, undoubtedly, this was one. I took hold of the fat, red hand.

"I suppose that would make you quite happy, Mrs. Bullwell," I said.

"It would, sir—believe me, there's no happiness in this world, not without you have the marriage-lines."

"But once you've got those—" said I.

Her expression became ecstatic then; whereupon I gently let go her hand.

"You'd be much happier then, sir," said she.

"I should," said I.

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Taking it all round, that was not such a difficult situation. I have passed through worse. It was played moreover with a woman. By no means did I relish so much the thought of telling Moxon when he returned. However, it had to be done, and when the next day he arrived back from Ireland I collared him before even a sight of Nurse Barham was permitted him.

"Moxon," said I, "here—in my room."

He came obediently and I shut the door. When I turned round, every single word I had prepared to say was gone out of my head. And I had made it up so excellently, contriving Moxon should have been spared all confusion and I what little dignity I liked to call my own. But there it was, the whole elaborate preparation had vanished. All that I could think of was that I was no longer sleeping in my own bed, but in Moxon's. It seemed more necessary then to inform him of that than of anything else, and somehow or other I stammered it out.

"But it's all right," I added quickly, when I saw the utter consternation in his face. "It's all right. You can find a room for me to-morrow, somewhere near and I'll sleep out. It's better that I should sleep out—at least, I suppose it is. I don't exactly know what the husband would do under these circumstances; I suppose he'd remain in the house."

At that moment, when Moxon's face was such a picture as memory will make graphic to my mind for the rest of my life, Nurse Barham opened the door, and in the astringent acid of her voice she said:

"Mrs. Bellairs would like to see you for a moment, sir—as soon as you can come up. It must only be for a moment."

I looked at Moxon. I know just how I looked. I meant to. He never said a word; he just watched me as I followed the nurse out of the room. When I reached the door I turned back.

"You can stay here, Moxon," said I, "in this room till I come downstairs again."

Then as I climbed up to my bedroom, all thoughts of the difficulties of that situation went clean from me. Clarissa wanted to speak to me, and I could not stop the beating of my heart. This was the first time I had seen her since we had laid

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her tired little head on my pillow, when I had left the room with the vision of her closed eyes and the transparent whiteness of her cheeks. That vision had lasted with me till now. Now I was to see her awake; but her head would still be on my pillow.

At the door I paused, partly, I confess, to control the confusion of my emotions.

"How long may I stay?" I whispered.

"I'll come back in five minutes," the nurse replied, as she opened the door. I crept upon the tips of my toes into the room, and she closed the door after me. She closed it far less gently than I should have done, for at the sound of it, Clarissa raised her head from the pillow. Directly she saw who it was, she let it fall back again. Perhaps it was my fancy, but I think a warm flush swept over her cheeks. Doubtless she was timid; but she could not have been so timid as was I. I crept quietly to the side of the bed, and it seemed then, in that still room, as though my heart, beating, were the only thing that moved or broke the silence.

"Are you better?" I whispered.

My body found a chair on which to seat itself.

At last I saw two eyes, full of remorse, looking at me from out of a little window made up by the bed-clothes.

"Will you—will you ever forgive me?" she said, faintly.

"Forgive what?" said I. "You mustn't talk like that. Are you worrying yourself all these hours with the idea that you've got to find forgiveness? You'll never get well that way. Besides, what is there to forgive?"

"I'm in your bed," she whispered. "Where do you sleep?"

"Is that all!" said I, laughing. "Why, do you imagine that I'm one of those fussy beggars who can't turn in anywhere but to their own bed and their own pillow? It is comfortable though; isn't it?"

She nodded her head and squeezed down under the clothes. How could that devil ever have left her!

"But that's not all," she continued, presently, from the little hive of bedclothes within which she lay curled; "that's not all. You haven't heard what the nurse calls me."

"I have indeed," said I, "but don't be angry with me for

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that. It couldn't be helped. It was the only way. I did it because of the nurse. I think she's a silly woman. At any rate, she wouldn't have understood. It's a false position for you I know. But you mustn't be angry with me. I did it for the best."

I suppose her illness had made her weak; but even then I cannot quite understand it, for when I said that she buried her face in the pillows and all her body shook with weeping. Of course, the nurse came in at that moment. I might have expected it. I believe they have an uncanny way of knowing when they are not wanted; moreover, if they see the faintest sign of affection they will put a stop to it. No doubt they are quite right. They hate it. This creature must have hated it more than most, for when she found Clarissa crying she turned on me in the severest contempt.

"Why have you been making her cry?" she said. "Surely she's weak enough without distressing her like that!"

Upon my soul I felt a fool. The man who is swayed between two emotions is bound to fall between them and look ridiculous. I wanted to turn the detestable woman out of the house straight away. On the other hand, there was Clarissa crying her heart out, and I knew well enough it was bad for her.

"Will you kindly go now?" she continued. "I can't have my patient upset like this."

I went, as quietly, too, as I had come. But when I got downstairs I could have cheerfully kicked anything that came in my way. It was a bad prospect for Moxon. I nearly slammed the door as I came in, but remembered just in time. At a violent strain I caught it just before it closed.

Things cut both ways in life. At least that is what I find. This little burst of irritation went far toward making it easier for me to tell Moxon. I flung the information at him then.

"Now," said I, when I had finished, "if this sort of establishment has become one with which you have no desire to be connected, don't hesitate to say so. I don't know when the child will be born—nobody knows. It's supposed to be in three months' time; but however long it is, if it were the whole nine months, Miss Fawdry would still stay here under my protection till it was over. To begin with, she's ill. She can't be moved.

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And when she's well again the position will be no different. I tell you this plainly, because I don't want there to be any misunderstanding. Of course, when she's well again she may say that she doesn't wish to stay. That'll be a different matter. I shall do my best to persuade her, and so long as she's here under these circumstances she's Mrs. Bellairs. Now you've heard this, if you don't want to stay on I'd sooner you said so. I know your ideas about this sort of thing. You remember my asking you that night last April, when I sent you to fetch a taxi for that woman who was drenched with rain, you remember my asking you if you would refuse to help a woman in trouble?"

"Do you happen to remember my answer, sir?"

"Well,"—upon my soul, for the minute, it had gone clean out of my mind—"I don't remember the exact words," said I. "I fancy you disapproved."

"Excuse me, sir, but I think I remarked that to my knowledge I hadn't said nothing about no woman."

I suppose if two negatives make an affirmative, one may take it that three in the ordinary course of progression revert to the former order of things. He had said nothing about a woman. I did remember that. I remembered also how that tactful observation had nonplussed me. It had much the same effect now. I felt that I was losing ground, and dignity with it too; for dignity, after all, is only the ground you stand upon. There was only one thing to do, to return as quickly as possible to what I had been saying.

"Well, you see the situation," said I; "if you wish to get another place, I shall be pleased to give you the best possible recommendation."

Of course, I could see that it was a terrible shock to him. To any man who would preserve an attitude of disapproval toward all women, it would be an uncomfortable position in which to find himself. I sympathized with him sincerely, but there was no help for it. I had to put it that way for his own sake, though I knew well what his answer would be. He no more disapproves of women than do I. It is only this attitude which he adopts as a counterblast for the want of approval in women for him. Even Mrs. Bullwell he treats with a stern aloofness of manner,

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though I have known him take a vase of daffodils which I had condemned as faded and place them in her kitchen. He was careful enough to tell her that it was by my instructions. She thanked me for them herself, but I said nothing to him. And now to have to accept the circumstance of a woman in the house, to be compelled to speak of her as Mrs. Bellairs, to know that she was occupying my bed, that in the near future she would be performing that most terrible of all functions—which I have heard him thank God was left only to women to do—the bringing of a child into the world; to be driven to all this and still to maintain his dignity as a man who has avowed his superior toleration of the whole sex—it was a bad business for Moxon. He did not like the look of it at all.

But I had given him the only loophole for escape. To tell the honest truth, I could not possibly have done without him, and putting it this way, laying myself under an obligation to him should he consent to remain, was the only method I could devise on the moment for keeping him with me.

"What are you going to decide?" said I.

"Well, sir," and he paused. It is this way he gathers weight for his utterances. "I think I know my place. I shouldn't question anything you do, sir, not if I was to be in your service for a hundred years."

"That means you're going to question it now," said I.

"Not at all, sir; I was only going to say that you're the best judge of what you do."

"When anyone says that," I observed, "they mean you are the very worst judge possible. Go on. It's extremely interesting to hear what you say and know what you mean. I am behaving extremely injudiciously—well?"

This was far too much for Moxon. To have all his tactful diplomacy shorn of its tinsel wrappings and before his very eyes was more than he could bear. His wit, moreover, was not equal to it. At last I had nonplussed him. His last effort was merely a *tour de force;* but it was too good for me.

"Do you want me to go, sir?" said he.

Well, I had to throw up my hand then. In a matter of this kind some one or the other has to make a sacrifice of dignity.

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I have never been engaged in such an encounter where both retained it till the end.

"Want you to go?" said I. "Upon my soul, I don't know what I should do without you."

A big smile of gratitude spread all over his face. It was as good as if he had held out his hand, and far more respectful.

"Well, if there's anything I can do for Mrs. Bellairs, sir——"

Of course, this was overdoing it. He meant well, but you can see yourself that it was overdoing it. Accordingly, he got no more than he deserved. I sent him out to the chemist with an awful prescription.

(*To be Concluded*)

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EDITORIAL NOTES

LABOR must learn its lessons. Stirred by the memory of long-enduring injustice, of crushing conditions, of criminal indifference and contempt, the organizations of the working-man have passed through tentative efforts, through impeded and harassed experiments, to a position of unexampled authority and power. They are a State within a State. They speak—and the word is law. They declare war, and make peace. Until recently, they have been in the habit of declaring war against Capital: the fight has been equal. But lately they have assumed a larger power. They have appreciated the possibilities of numbers and concerted action, and they have unhesitatingly declared war on society, on the nation. They have given a name to this new procedure: they call it a General Strike. To remedy the grievances of a few men, or a body of men, it is considered permissible to attack the nation, to subject the public to every species of inconvenience and intimidation, in order to compel it to intervene and insist on the disputed demands being conceded. It is true that the public is ultimately responsible for the welfare of all its members: but it is obvious that such forcible protests cannot be indefinitely permitted. Labor has become as selfish as Capital in its worst days; it is carrying on a class-fight; and its short-sightedness and intolerance are recoiling on itself. In almost every strike, there has been evident some injustice which required reform; and the public has been content to accept the inconvenience to itself and extend sympathy to those who used it for their own purposes. But the discovery of the General Strike, its use, or threatened use, for even trivial causes, have made the public restive. It dislikes to be treated as the Belgium for the contending armies of industry. In a very little while it will insist that even Labor shall not be the dictator of the commonwealth. Without the McNamara revelations, there was sufficient ground for dealing with what would soon prove an intolerable tyranny. The dynamitards may have regarded themselves as soldiers in a just war; but the people will be more interested in discovering the names of the generals. If none comes forward to claim credit for the mur-

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ders and outrages, the public will still be interested in a system which permits the expenditure of large sums without any rendering of accounts, and makes possible the organization of murder-gangs without the cognizance, approval, or even suspicion, of those in supreme control.

* * *

No useful purpose would be served by discussing further the merits or demerits of J. M. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World,* in connection with the hostility shown to its presentation on the stage in New York and other cities. Every man is entitled to at least one opinion, and the Irishman who resents what he considers a misleading picture of Irish life and habits, or the allegory that has been detected in the play, has a perfect right to express his disapproval. But it should be *his* disapproval, not the condemnation of others repeated and emphasized without any personal study or reflection. A mind that is rigidly made up, from hearsay, is scarcely worth the trouble of making or unmaking. And how many of those who went to the theatre prepared with eggs and asafœtida had either read the play or seen it performed? Their object was to prevent the performance, not to consider it and deliver a verdict. Applause is welcomed in a theatre, and it is illogical to deny the right of expressing disapproval. But if the ominous silence which is so disconcerting to the players is not considered sufficient, there is a more legitimate way of conveying displeasure than through the medium of vegetables and sundry missiles thoughtfully provided beforehand and carried to the theatre by the impartial critic who has not yet seen the play.

* * *

Mr. Bonar Law, the new leader of the Unionist party in Great Britain, has two great qualifications for his work as a possible English premier—he is of Scotch descent and Canadian birth. An additional advantage is that he has never held Cabinet rank and so presumably has not been schooled in the principles of dilatoriness and time-serving that vitiate the "activities" and narrow the scope of the average Conservative statesman. In an empire so wide-reaching as that of Great and Greater Britain, a touch of Canadian effectiveness may prove a helpful

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antidote to the lethargy and insularity which have too often characterized the Home Government, as in the earlier and uninspired direction of South African affairs. In this connection it is worth recording that the war which has removed the Boers from the list of independent nations has given them a political dominance and awakened an aggressive spirit widely at variance with the desires of those responsible for the war, or even for the subsequent pacification and Federal Constitution.

Mr. Law is a Tariff Reformer, and so far as his qualities are known at present, he possesses fighting ability, aggressiveness, directness. His methods will seem crude in comparison with the subtle procedure and intellectual tergiversations of Mr. Balfour, who was never wholly reconciled to the Chamberlain doctrines and influence. Unfortunately, the new leader has already given signs of the appeal to prejudice which constitutes the most formidable and frequently-used weapon of the guiders of nations in these enlightened days; and the Home Rule controversy may be fought out as a party issue, complicated by all the bitterness and resentment aroused through the sweeping measures of Mr. Asquith's Administration.

* * *

THE Italian atrocities in Tripoli have been explained: the exigencies and mistakes of a difficult campaign; the blood-fury of a section of the excited soldiery, carrying retaliation to extremes in the heat of resentment. A nation may not be blamed indiscriminately for the excesses of individuals; but this is more than an affair of individuals; and the nation which assumes honor for the triumphs of its troops, cannot escape obloquy for their misdeeds. There is need for condemnation, definite and severe; but in what war have there been no barbarities to call forth the passionate or restrained protest of humanitarians? It is the first step that counts—the appeal to arms—to injustice—in the face of a world resolved that butchery shall cease, that the pseudo-patriotism that nourishes itself upon blood and bullying shall be regarded no longer as a mark of distinction, but of crude stupidity. The ruler or statesman who declares war accepts responsibility for all that war may entail—for the slaughter of women and children, the maiming of men, the waste of treasure

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that would build and equip great hospitals in every city, endow the ministers of science and art, turn hovels into houses and tenements into homes. When the soldiers have done their work, when the killing has ceased, the diplomatists may return from their councils, bringing "peace with honor"; but who shall bring back the dead?

Yet condemnation, to be effective, must be measured. Only harm is done by such intemperance as that of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in his recent, and belated, book, *Gordon at Khartoum*. Mr. Blunt reprints, after twenty-seven years, what he wrote in his diary on the news of the battle of Abu Klea:

"These English soldiers are mere murderers, and I confess I would rather see them all at perdition than that a single Arab more should die. What are they? A mongrel scum of thieves from Whitechapel and Seven Dials, commanded by young fellows whose ideal is the green-room of the Gaiety—without beliefs, without traditions, without other principle of action than just to get their promotion and have a little fun. On the other side, men with the memory of a thousand years of freedom, with chivalry inherited from the Saracens, the noblest of ancestors, with a creed the purest the world ever knew, worshipping God and serving Him in arms like the heroes of the ancient world they are. No, I desire in my heart to see their blood avenged, and every man of Stewart's butchering host butchered in their turn and sent to hell."

One need scarcely wonder that Mr. Blunt denies that he is a Justice of the Peace.

* * *

It is frequently said, and sometimes believed, that the art of conversation is extinct. Certainly in any ordinary gathering, small or large, there is a noticeable absence, not merely of brilliancy, but of reasonably satisfactory intercourse. One does not expect the great novelist, or painter, or creative artist of any kind, to be also a great talker; creative work of the highest type is inevitably exhausting, and sufficient vitality is not left for other than the quiet routine of daily life, unless an exceptional impetus be given. This exhaustion of vitality has been responsible, with or without dyspepsia, for many of the vagaries of genius; and

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it accounts, in a large degree, for the fatal trend toward alcoholism which has tainted or ruined the lives and work of the lost legions. Of course, there have been exceptions, even among the more normal geniuses, from the general rule of reserve; there have been famous talkers, and a few are left. But they have rarely been good conversationalists. They demanded too often the centre of the stage, and the focussed light. They would radiate brilliance—but as a star. And the star system has its disadvantages. Yet, in a world where so many dinners are eaten, the art of conversation should not languish. It is a matter not merely of ability, but of manners. The great fault of the would-be interesting talker is egotism. He desires to shine, but not to assist in a general illumination; and he does not glow cheerfully under a shade. No sentence or series of sentences is complete unless it is unfinished—unless it requires and prepares the way for a rejoinder or continuation. The art of cleverness does not lie in epigrams, apophthegms or aphorisms, though these are permissible in small quantities: it consists in simplicity. And as it will take forty years longer before our general code of conduct will revert through the banalities, assertiveness and restlessness which signalize the accumulation of wealth, to the gentler ways of the unsuperficial and the unselfconscious, the art of conversation, now so grievously afflicted, is doomed at the best to a long and dreary period of convalescence.

* * *

YET what an amazing bulk of words, solid or insubstantial, is daily accumulated throughout the world! Preacher and politician, professor, critic, journalist, scientist, faddist, and unlabelled citizen—constantly and earnestly they talk; and the spoken or written word is scattered broadcast through the nations. And how little the nations care, how little action results from the expenditure of so much energy! The proceedings in Congress, or in the British House of Commons, or in any thoroughly modern and unimprovable Legislature, reveal in a single day a verbal outlay that should suffice to run the machinery of government for a whole session. Not often does a long speech —though Mr. Taft has provided exceptions—contain statements or arguments which will be remembered for as many hours as

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the minutes consumed in the utterance. If only Mr. Edison could invent—Mr. H. G. Wells could give him valuable assistance—a machine which would infallibly detect and effectively curtail all irrelevance, stupidity, exaggeration, subterfuge, fallacy or prejudice, and confine the speaker to the direct path, and the simple, unembellished word of conviction, the House reporters could be pensioned lavishly on the mere unconsidered oddments of the saving to the public purse, and all the wisdom of all the wise men could be recorded without extravagance in the letters of gold so dear to the ancient Caliphs and Sultans. Apart from politics, which has developed into a business-game, with as many unwritten rules as bridge and as many opportunities for gambling, take simply, from the world's talkers, the bishops of all the churches—good men and true, in the vast majority of cases; finely trained, with high ideals, and not shamed by the divorce between theory and practice which is assumed by so many men without any previous moral or logical inquiry. Yet what have the bishops done, with their enormous prestige and influence, their resources, their vantage-ground? They have "carried things on"—and that, perhaps, were worth doing; they have performed the daily task, and given good measure, no doubt. But where, as a body, have they touched the big social problems which the presumed leaders of the people have ignored until the people themselves, slowly and laboriously, have come to the crossroads, and now demand a signpost which shall give clear guidance to all wayfarers? Where, throwing aside the abominable pretences of prudery, have they spoken plainly of the great curse of civilization, the diseases that eat their way through a festering society and levy final toll of unacknowledged thousands every year? Will women remember, when they are called upon to make the most memorable choice of their lives, that one man of every two has been so tainted that the gravest doubt must rest on his fitness to assume the responsibilities of marriage? Will mothers watch their children in an idle moment and amuse themselves by guessing which of their bright-eyed, straight-limbed boys will be seized in the course of a few years by this devouring Moloch? And will they then ask themselves from what pulpit they have heard announced those ele-

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mentary principles of hygiene and morals which are the essential basis of all commandments, or when the minatory "Thou shalt not" of the Bible has been emphasized by the inexorable "Thou shalt not" of Nature? And the physicians—what are they doing as a profession, as a body? They have made magnificent advances; they do noble deeds. But still only the occasional individual dares to speak on this most pressing and vital of all problems. Even in an age which, with Mr. Arnold Bennett, abominates sentimentalism, one may be permitted to express satisfaction that the axe is at last laid to the tree, and that the whole monstrous, tangled growth of prudery and pestilence will be ruthlessly cut down. For in spite of the handicaps of their educational system, the people are learning; and the profit of their lessons will be action.

* * *

THE most ardent advocate of votes for women must deprecate the violence and hysteria of their recent campaign in England. There is no doubt that the leaders of the movement conscientiously believe that they are furthering their cause by the only effective means now available: they have not realized that they are associating the name of women, in so far as a political career is concerned, with the intolerance and class-prejudice with which they have stigmatized men. A movement that depends on such absurd measures proclaims its own essential futility. Mrs. Pankhurst and her associates are deliberately placing the question in the field of primitive barbarism, ignoring the efforts of those who still preserve some sense of decency and fitness to discuss all controversies, national and international, in the realm of reason. The militants have secured notoriety; they have given their cause a prominence which they assert—and probably correctly—they could not have achieved for many years by more legitimate methods. Yet in several of our States women have gained the franchise without unsexing themselves. It may be retorted that America has profited by the pioneer work of the Englishwomen. Even so, in degree; yet the American sense of justice is not profoundly influenced by the spectacle of an hysterical woman assaulting a policeman in the sacred name of liberty. The friends who have been gained—apart from the semi-

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virile or unstable—have been convinced in spite of such devices, not because of them. They believe in the essential justice of the cause, and trust in the eventual return of the women to normal, gentler ways. But who can count the number of those who have been alienated or repelled by the crudity of the campaign? Whatever might or might not have happened fifty years ago, the world is now shaking off the old shackles and preparing to govern itself by rules of common sense. The demand that the reactionaries shall not be allowed to nullify the insistent demand for arbitration, is a present and conspicuous illustration. But the cause that depends upon violence cannot argue its case in the courts of reason. It should soon become obvious to the women that the energy, skill and perseverance which they have devoted to degrading methods, would be far more effective if they came into line with the unhysterical, and appealed, not from Festus to Cæsar, but from mediævalism to the modern spirit.

* * *

WHETHER it be true or false that the labor organizations raised a million dollars for the defence of the McNamaras, the publicity deliberately given to the statement was suggestive. We have not yet reached the stage when we need a million dollars to defend two innocent men in a court of justice. But a million could easily be spent in a desperate attempt to cover up the trail of the bigger men who initiated or sanctioned the outrages. Money certainly talks; and sometimes it frames an accusation that seems more than a suspicion.

* * *

IN Europe democracy has been long in the making. Nominally it was established among the principal nations during the final quarter of the last century. In truth, as embodied in customs, laws and institutions, it has remained little more than a name, serving to disguise aristocratic, or even autocratic, realities. So glaring have the discrepancies between appearance and fact become at times, that voices have been heard declaring the absolute and final bankruptcy of all democratic theories of government.

Recently, however, a series of events has been recorded, all

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of which tend to prove that a change is at hand—and that, at last, democracy may pass from a mere ideal to a tangible reality. That such a change has been the unanimous desire of the masses for nearly a century, none can deny who has followed European history with unprejudiced eyes. If nevertheless the few have continued to rule, the many to obey more or less rebelliously, this was possible only because the few stood united against a divided multitude.

It is because this division seems about to become suspended temporarily that the events in question have a significance far in excess of their extrinsic importance. So far the middle class, asking only political reforms, has been openly hostile to the still more popular demand that the reforms embrace the economical field as well. By declaring these broader demands unpatriotic and revolutionary—that is, "not respectable"—the upper class has managed to retain a power wholly disproportionate to its numerical strength or proved ability. And to maintain this shadowy respectability, the central stratum, politically classed as Liberal in most countries, has kept aloof from its less fortunate brethren, who, with increasing consistency, have organized under the red flag of Socialism.

In no country has this division proved more unfortunate than in Belgium, where the Clerical party has thus been enabled for years to withhold from the people not only universal suffrage but a truly popular system of education. This fall, in communal elections throughout the entire kingdom of the thrifty Flemish, Liberals and Socialists went for the first time to the polls under an agreement binding each of those parties to support the other against the reactionaries. As a result of this understanding, the Clerical party has almost ceased to be a factor in municipal and communal affairs. And now national elections are demanded, which, without doubt, will result in similar manner whenever the present Conservative Ministry can be forced into granting them.

In the conservative and agricultural duchy of Oldenburg provincial elections occurred about the same time under identical conditions and with identical outcome. The provincial Diet, formerly hopelessly Conservative, has now an allied Radical

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majority of seven. This victory of the "Radical block" has been noted all over Germany, and it is generally accepted as foreshadowing what will happen when the national elections to the new Reichstag take place in January. Then the two Radical groups will stand apart in the first balloting, while in the re-balloting they will join forces everywhere against all the reactionary groups. That the result will be a Radical majority, bent on acting as a unit until certain fundamental measures have ensured true democracy, seems almost beyond a doubt.

Of course, a *coup* may be attempted from above. But even if it prove successful, the final victory of the people cannot be postponed for long. In Sweden such a *coup* was actually threatened. But when, during September, the Liberals and Socialists, here as elsewhere, joined in partial alliance, elected 176 members of the Lower House of the Riksdag, as against 63 returned by the Conservatives, the Crown and its Ministers deemed it wiser to respect the unmistakable will of the people. And nothing less is likely to happen in Germany if the broad masses of the nation speak up with equal emphasis.

All these happenings have but one meaning. The elements truly representative of the vast majority will for the moment acknowledge only one issue: whether the people shall rule or be ruled. Until it has been settled, everything else will be left in abeyance. Until it has been settled once for all, the "bourgeoisie" and the "proletariat" will disregard their differences and regard only those interests which they have in common. In this determination, postponed all too long, lies the surest promise of a genuinely democratic Europe—and not until Europe becomes democratic can there be any hope of a lasting world-peace.

If it be asked what forces have suddenly produced these effects, so long striven for in vain, there are many answers possible. But however large the number of contributing factors may be, one of these stands out conspicuously from the rest: for the first time in the history of the globe the democratic hosts are recruited from generations raised in public secular schools and led by men to whom the evolutionary world-conception is an unquestionable actuality.

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